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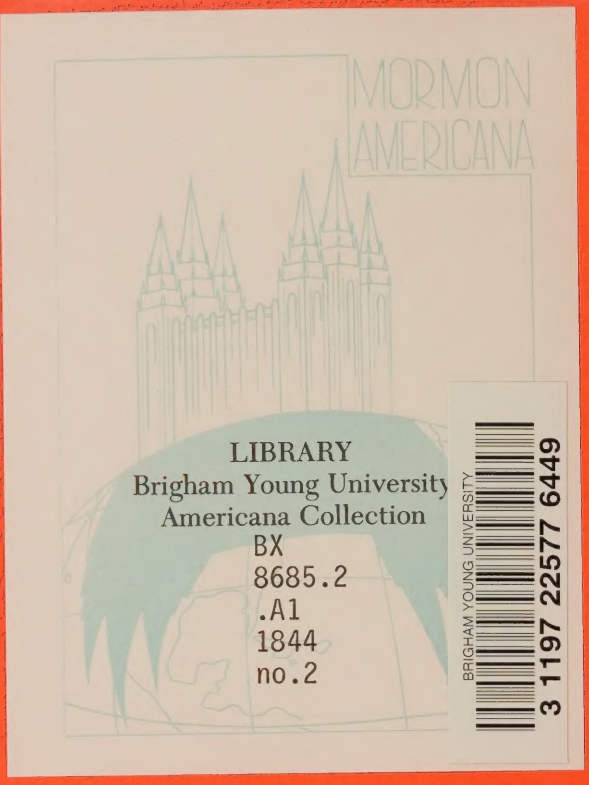
Collection of Sacred Hymns

Brigham Young, Parley Pratt & John Taylor
Liverpool, England
1844



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A COLLECTION

OF

SACRED HYMNS,

FOR THE

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST

OF

LATTER-DAY SAINTS,

IN EUROPE.

SELECTED BY

BRIGHAM YOUNG, PARLEY P. PRATT, AND JOHN TAYLOR.

FOURTH EDITION.

Liverpool:

PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY R. HEDLOCK AND T. WARD, 36, CHAPEL STREET,

AND BY THE AGENTS THROUGHOUT ENGLAND.

1844.

LIVERPOOL:

PRINTED BY JAMES AND WOODBURN,

SOUTH CASTLE STREET.

PREFACE.

THE Saints in this country have been very desirous for a Hymn Book adapted to their faith and worship, that they might sing the truth with an understanding heart, and express their praise, joy, and gratitude in songs adapted to the new and everlasting covenant.

In accordance with their wishes, we have selected the following volume, which we hope will prove acceptable until a greater variety can be added.

With sentiments of high consideration and esteem, we subscribe ourselves your brethren in the new and everlasting covenant,

BRIGHAM YOUNG,
PARLEY P. PRATT,
JOHN TAYLOR.

UPB

PREFACE

TO

THE FOURTH EDITION.

SUCH having been the numerous increase of Saints in the British Islands, and the consequently growing demand for Hymn Books, that our last edition is completely exhausted, we have found ourselves under the necessity of issuing a fourth, which we present to the Saints, corrected and amended as far as our ability allows, for their acceptance; trusting that the use of it may awake the holiest feelings of gratitude and thanksgiving to our heavenly Father, which is the prayer of your brethren in the Lord,

REUBEN HEDLOCK,
THOMAS WARD.

SACRED HYMNS.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN 1. L. M.

The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Lo! Zion's standard is unfurl'd!
The dawning of a brighter day,
Majestic rises on the world.

The clouds of error disappear
Before the rays of truth divine—
The glory bursting from afar,
Wide o'er the nations soon will shine.

The Gentile fulness now comes in,
And Israel's blessings are at hand:
Lo! Judah's remnant, cleans'd from sin,
Shall in their promis'd Canaan stand.

Jehovah speaks! let earth give ear,
And Gentile nations turn and live—
His mighty arm is making bare,
His covenant people to receive.

Angels from heaven, and truth from earth
Have met, and both have record borne:
Thus Zion's light is bursting forth,
To bring her ransom'd children home.

HYMN 2. C. M.

Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice—
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

O! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:

The blessed Saviour hath prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

O! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,

Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join:
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

The gates of glorious gospel grace,
Stand open night and day:
Lord we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 3. P. M.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.

On the rock of Enoch founded,
What can shake thy sure repose!
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou may'st smile on all thy foes,

See the streams of living waters,
Springing from celestial love;
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of drought remove.

Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!

Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night and shade by day;
Sweetly they enjoy the Spirit,
Which he gives them when they pray.

Bless'd inhabitants of Zion,
Purchas'd with the Saviour's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

While in love his people raises
With himself to reign as kings:
All, as priests, his solemn praises,
Each for a thank-offering brings.

Saviour, since of Zion's city
I through grace a member am;
Though the world despise and pity,
I will glory in thy name.

Fading are all worldly treasures,
With their boasted pomp and show!
Heav'nly joys and lasting pleasures,
None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 4. L. M.

The time is nigh, that happy time,
That great, expected, blessed day,
When countless thousands of our race
Shall dwell with Christ, and him obey.

The prophecies must be fulfill'd,
Tho' earth and hell should dare oppose;
The stone out of the mountain cut,
Though unobserv'd, a kingdom grows.

Soon shall the blended image fall,
Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay:
And superstition's dreadful reign,
To light and liberty give way.

In one sweet symphony of praise,
The Jews and Gentiles will unite,
And infidelity, o'ercome,
Return again to endless night.

From east to west, from north to south,
The Saviour's kingdom shall extend,

And every man in every place,
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

HYMN 5. C. M.

Great is the Lord! 'tis good to praise
His high and holy name:
Well may the saints in latter days
His wondrous love proclaim.

To praise him let us all engage,
That unto us is given,
To live in this momentous age,
And share the light of heaven.

We'll praise him for our happy lot,
On this much-favour'd land,
Where truth and righteousness are taught,
By his divine command.

We'll praise him for more glorious things,
Than language can express,
The "everlasting gospel" brings,
The humble soul to bless.

The Comforter is sent again,
His power the church attends—
And with the faithful will remain
Till Jesus Christ descends.

We'll praise him for a prophet's voice,
His people's steps to guide:
In this we do and will rejoice,
Tho' all the world deride.

Praise him, the time, the chosen time,
To favour Zion's come:
And all the saints from every clime,
Will soon be gather'd home.

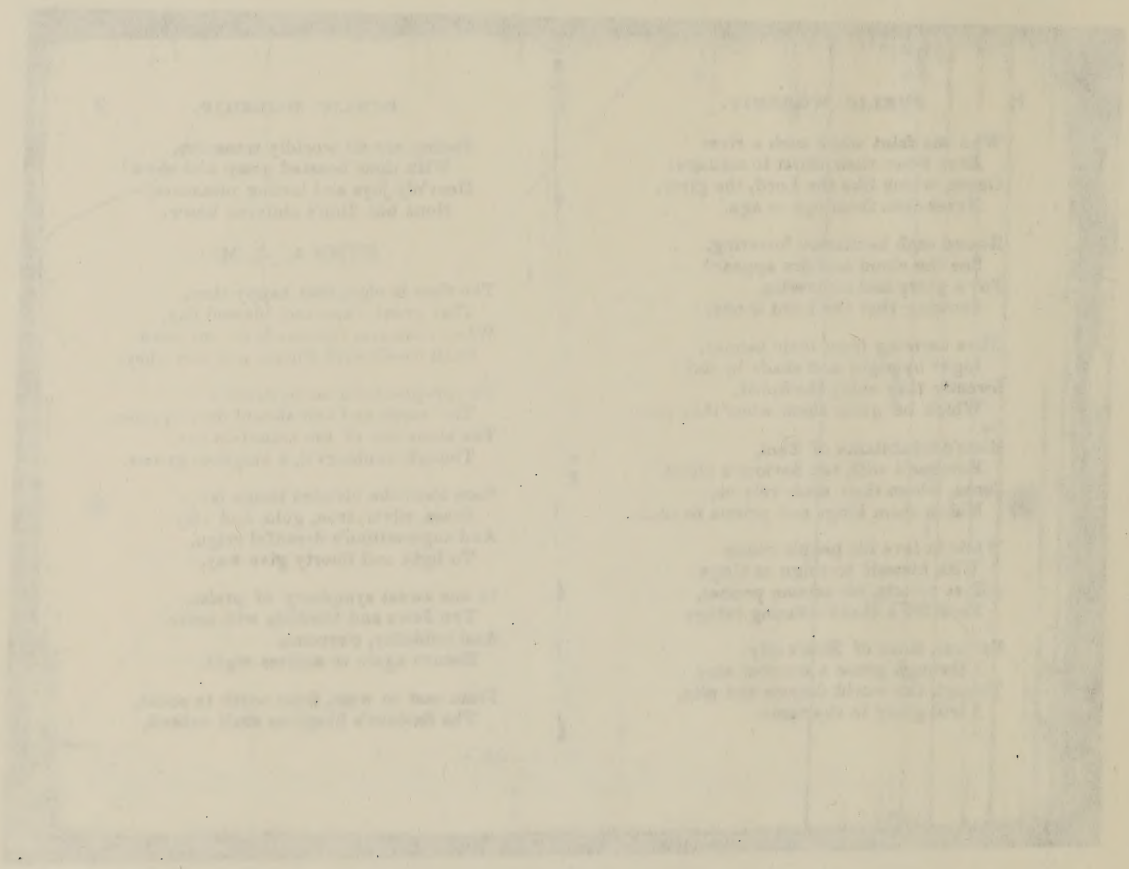
The opening seals announce the day,
By prophets long declar'd,
When all in one triumphant lay,
Will join to praise the Lord.

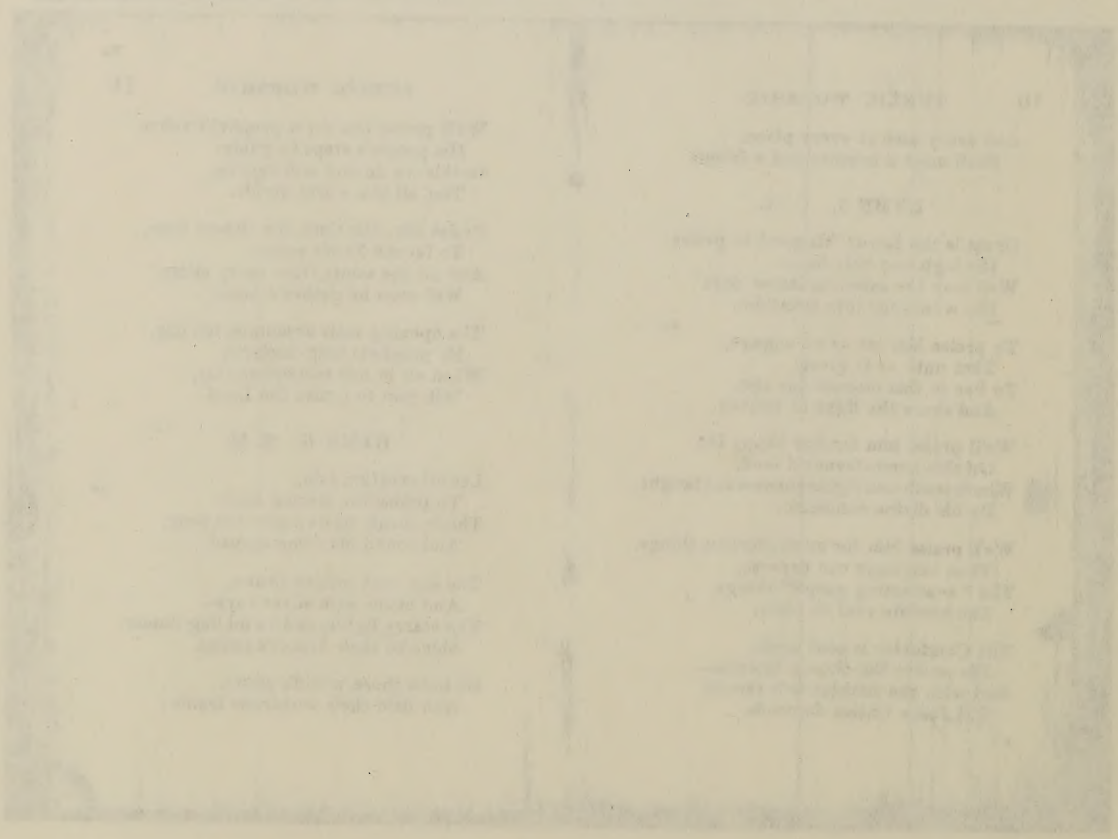
HYMN 6. S. M.

Let all creation join,
To praise the eternal God;
The heavenly hosts begin the song,
And sound his name abroad.

The sun with golden beams,
And moon with silver rays—
The starry lights, and twinkling flames,
Shine to their Maker's praise.

He built those world's above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;





By his command they stand or move,
And always speak his fame.

The fleecy clouds that rise,
Or falling showers or snow:
The thunder rolling round the skies,
His power and glory show.

The broad expanse on high,
With all the heavens afford;
The lightning's fire that streaks the sky,
Unite to praise the Lord.

CHORUS.

By all that shines above
His glory is express'd;
But saints that know his endless love,
Should sing his praises best.

HYMN 7. P. M.

O happy souls who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy saints who pay
Their constant service there!
We praise him still,
And happy we
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take our health away,
If God be with us there:
He is our sun,
And he our shade,
To guard the head
By night or noon.

God is the only Lord,
Our shield and our defence;
With gifts his hands are stor'd,
We draw our blessings thence;
He will bestow,
On Jacob's race,
Peculiar grace,
And glory too.

HYMN 8. L. M.

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ;

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores.

Thanks to thee, our God, we owe
Source from whence all blessings flow!
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

HYMN 9. C. M.

We're not asham'd to own our Lord,
And worship him on earth;
We love to learn his holy word,
And know what souls are worth.

When Jesus comes in burning flame,
Then to reward the just,
The world will know the only name,
In which the saints can trust.

When he comes down from heaven to earth
With all his holy band,

HYMN 12. L. M.

'Ere long the veil will rend in twain,
The King descend with all his train;
The earth shall shake with awful fright,
And all creation feel his might.

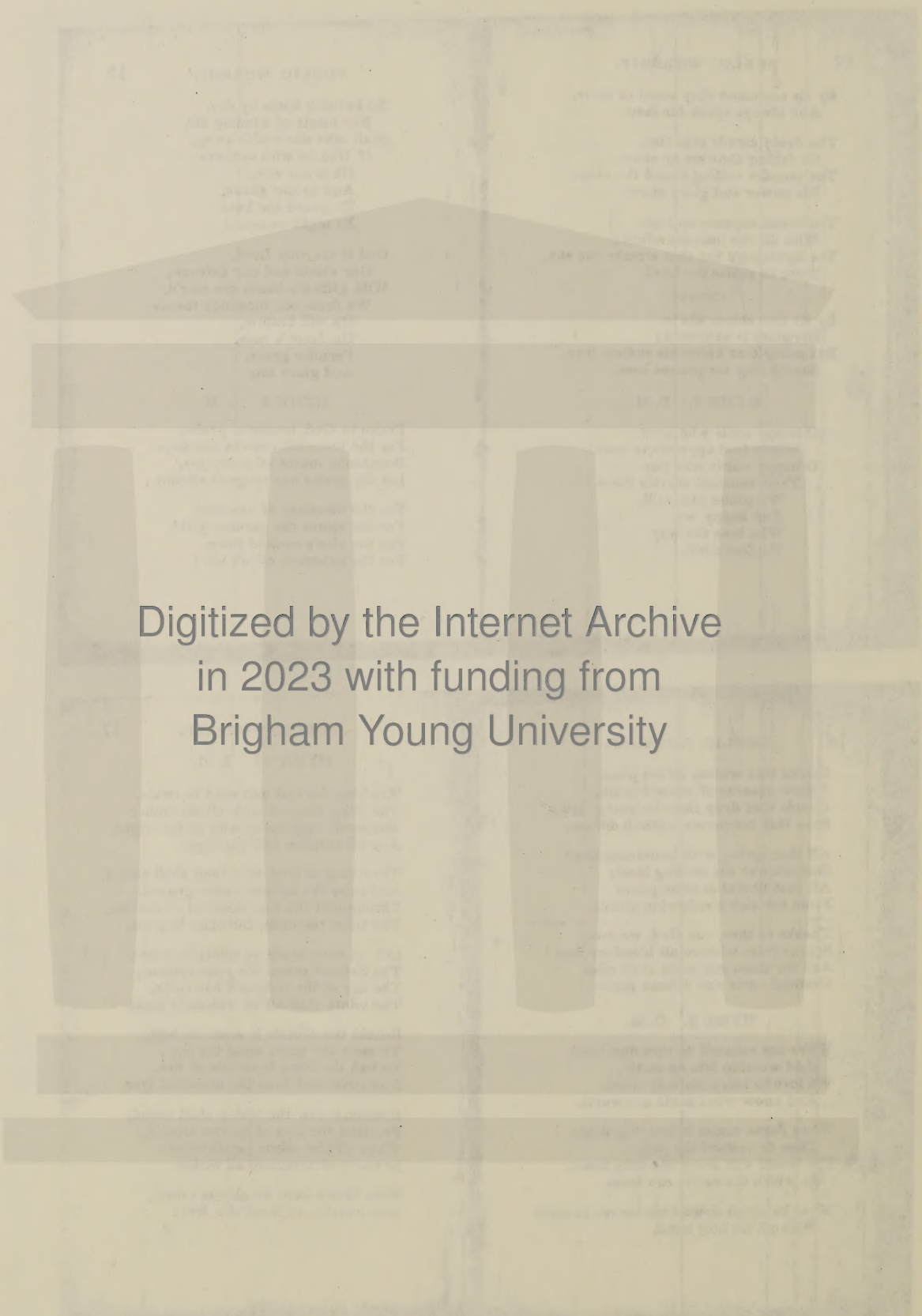
The trump of God, then long shall sound,
And raise the nations under ground:
Throughout the vast domains of heaven,
The voice resounds, the blast is given.

Lift up your heads ye saints in peace,
The Saviour comes for your release;
The day of the redeem'd has come,
The saints shall all be welcom'd home.

Behold the church, it soars on high,
To meet the saints amid the sky;
To hail the King in clouds of fire,
And strike and tune the immortal lyre.

Hosannah now the trump shall sound,
Proclaim the joys of heaven around,
When all the saints together join,
In songs of love, and all divine.

With Enoch here we all shall meet,
And worship at Messiah's feet;



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Unite our hands and hearts in love,
And reign on thrones with Christ above.

The city that was seen of old,
Whose walls were jasper, streets of gold,
We'll now inherit thron'd in might:
The Father and the Son's delight.

Celestial crowns we shall receive,
And glories great our God shall give,
With loud hosannahs we'll proclaim,
And sound aloud our Saviour's name.

Our hearts and tongues all join'd in one
A loud hosannah to proclaim,
While all the heavens shout again,
And all creation say, Amen.

HYMN 13. C. M.

Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music to the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He speaks—and listening to his voice,
Sinners new life receive,
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Awake from fallen nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Æthiop white.

With me your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

O! for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

He breaks the power of cancell'd sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avails for me.

Hear him ye deaf, his praise ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind behold your Saviour come,
And leap ye lame for joy.

HYMN 14. C. M.

Come all ye saints who dwell on earth,
Your cheerful voices raise,

Our great Redeemer's love to sing,
And celebrate his praise.

His love is great, he died for us,
Can we ungrateful be?
Since he has mark'd a road to bliss,
And said, come, follow me.

The straight and narrow way we've found,
Then let us travel on,
Till we upon celestial ground,
Shall meet where Christ is gone.

And there we'll join the heavenly choir,
And sing his praise above;
While endless ages roll around,
Perfected by his love.

HYMN 15. L. M.

God spake the word, and time began;
He spake, and gave his law to man;
His presence oft did Adam cheer,
Who lov'd the voice of God to hear.

But by and by the scene was chang'd,
Our parents broke the Lord's command;
They lost their innocence and fled
Among the trees, and strove to hide,

From God their Father; but in vain,
For soon the Lord appear'd again,
And call'd to Adam in the wood,
Who felt condemn'd, and trembling stood.

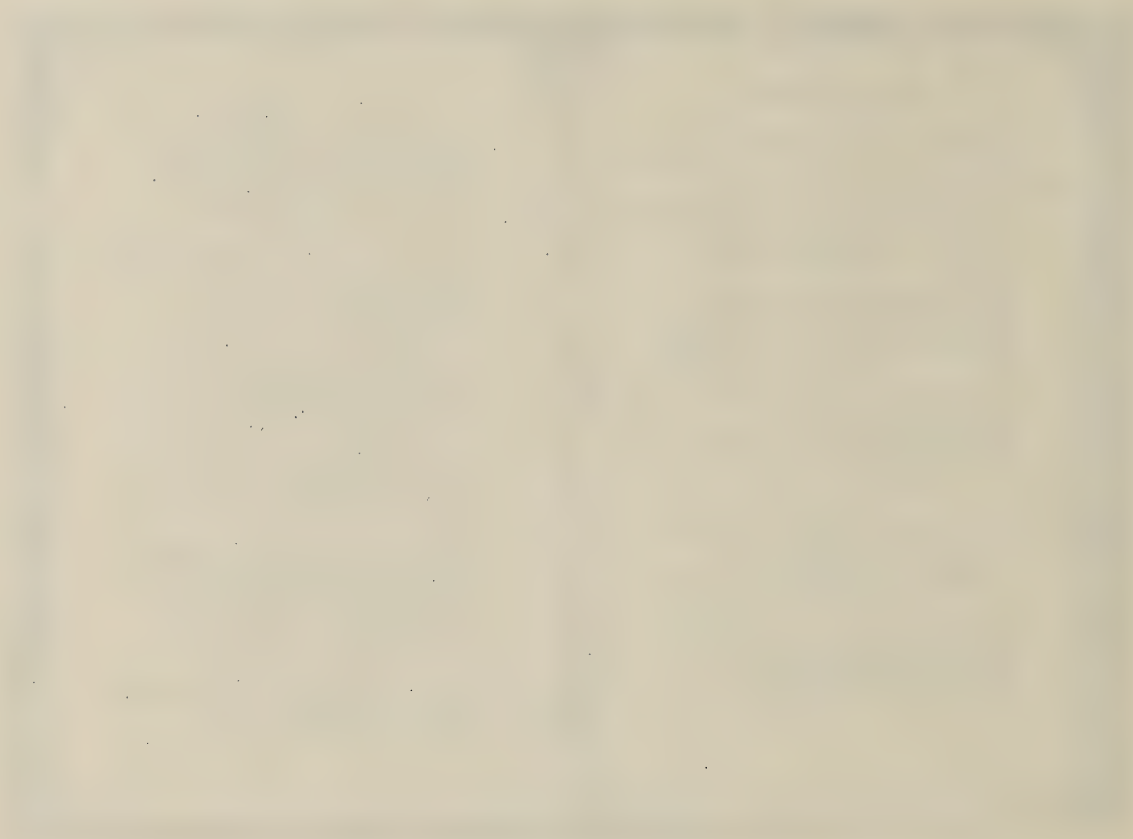
So wicked men, in every age,
Far from the God of heaven have stray'd,
Till near six thousand years have fled.
And left the world with faith that's dead.

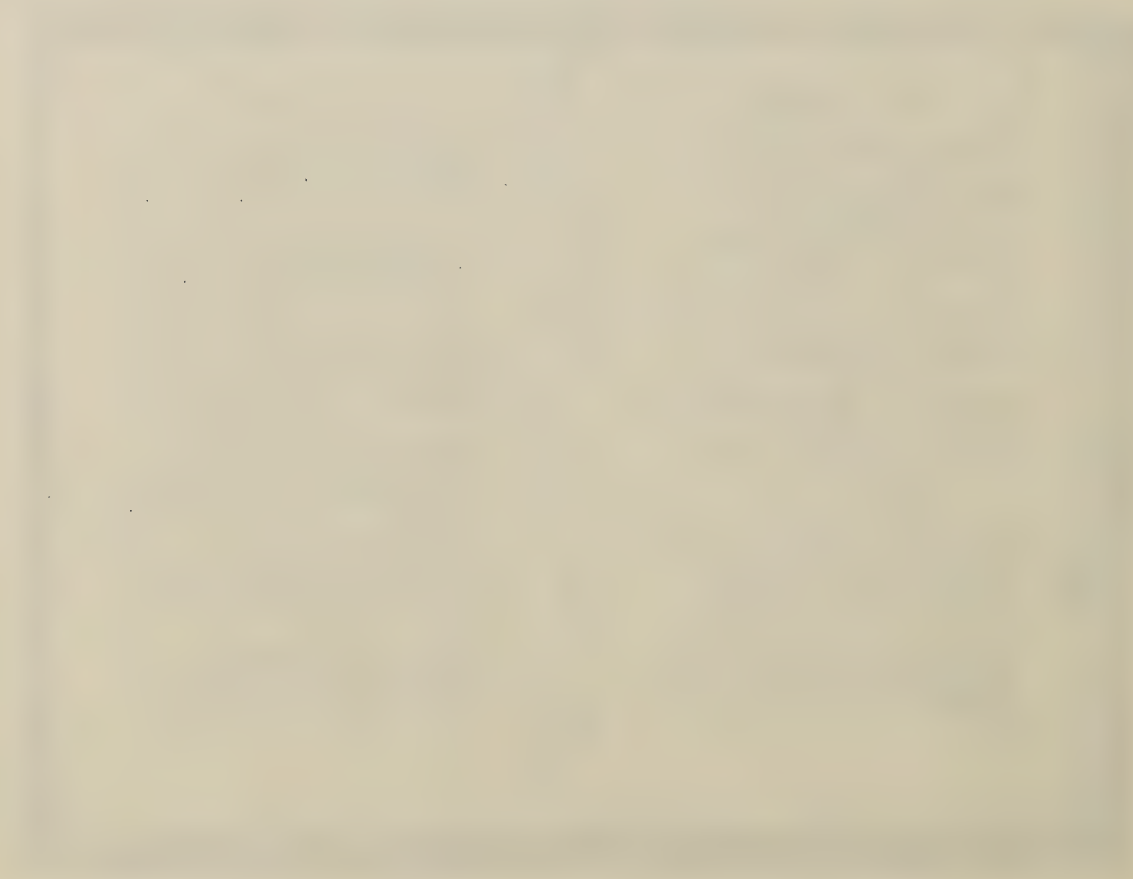
By faith the ancients sought the Lord,
From time to time obtain'd his word,
Not only they, but so may we,
When faith and works do both agree.

From Adam to the present day,
Many have sought a righteous way;
And some have found the narrow road,
And Enoch-like, have walk'd with God.

In every age, God is the same,
But men, they change from time to time:
While sinners take the downward road,
The man of faith approaches God.

Experience and the word agree;
Draw nigh, says God, I'll draw to thee;
Then, are they wise, who do deny,
The works of faith beneath the sky?





HYMN 16. C. M.

Mortals awake! with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Love, joy, and gratitude combine,
To hail the auspicious day.

In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire,
Through all the shining legions rang,
And swept the sounding lyre.

The theme, the song, the joy was new,
To each angelic tongue:
Swift through the realms of light it flew,
And loud the echo rung.

Down through the portals of the sky
The pealing anthems ran,
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song,
Peace and salvation swell the note
Of all the heavenly throng.

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high;

Good will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die."

Hail, prince of life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

HYMN 17. P. M.

O Jesus! the giver
Of all we enjoy,
Our lives to thy honour,
We wish to employ;
With praises unceasing,
We'll sing of thy name,
Thy goodness increasing,
Thy love we'll proclaim.

With joy we remember,
The dawn of that day,
When cold as December,
In darkness we lay!
The sweet invitation
We heard with surprise,
And witness'd salvation
To flow from the skies.

The wonderful name
Of our Jesus we'll sing,
And publish the fame
Of our Captain and King:
With sweet exultation
His goodness we prove,
His name is salvation,
His nature is love.

We now are enlisted
In his blessed cause,
Divinely assisted,
To conquer our foes;
His grace will support us
'Till conflicts are o'er,
He then will escort us
To Zion's bright shore.

HYMN 18. L. M.

Oh! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
'Tis God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

Come to the living waters come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
"Return, ye weary wanderers home,
And find my grace is free for all."

See from the rock a fountain rise;
To you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.

Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

"Why seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed,
Ye spend your little all in vain.

"In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife:
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
I have the words of endless life.

"Hearken to me with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food:
The sweetness of my mercy share;
And taste that I alone am good.

"I bid you all my goodness prove,
My promises for all are free:
Come taste the manna of my love,
And let your souls delight in me.

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The sweetness of my mercy share;
And taste that I alone am good.

"I bid you all my goodness prove,
My promises for all are free:
Come taste the manna of my love,
And let your souls delight in me.

"Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believingly receive;
Quicken'd your souls by faith divine,
An everlasting life shall live."

HYMN 19. S. M.

And can I yet delay,
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more;
I sink by dying love compell'd
And own Thee conqueror.

Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;

To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art:
My hope, my heavenly treasure now,
Enter and keep my heart.

HYMN 20. 4 5's & 1 11.

Come, Lord, from above, the mountains remove,
O'erturn all that hinders the course of thy love.
My bosom inspire, enkindle the fire,
And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.

I languish and pine for the comfort divine;
Oh! when shall I say, my beloved is mine?
I have chosen the good part; my portion thou art,
Oh, love! let me find thee, O God, in my heart!

For this my heart sighs: nothing else can suffice;
How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great price?

It cannot be bought, and thou know'st I
have nought—
Not an action, a word, or truly good
thought.

But I hear a voice say, "Without money
ye may
Receive it, whoever has nothing to pay;
Who on Jesus relies, without money or
price,
The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys:

"The blessing is free:" So Lord let it be;
I yield that thy love should be given to me.
I freely receive, what thou freely dost give,
Consent in thy love, in thy Eden to live.

The gift I embrace: the giver I praise;
And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace:
It comes from above: the foretaste I prove;
I soon shall receive all the fulness of love.

HYMN 21. C. M.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own Interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 22. L. M.

Shepherd of souls with pitying eye
The thousands of our Israel see:
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have;
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near;
For no man cares their souls to save.

Wild as the untaught Indian's brood,
The Christian savages remain;
Strangers, yea, enemies to God,
They make thee spill thy blood in vain.

Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh:
They perish whom thyself hast bought,
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

The pit its mouth has open'd wide,
To swallow up its careless prey;
Why should *they* die, when *thou* hast died,
Hast died to bear their sins away?

Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The meed of all thy sufferings these,
O, claim them for thy ransom'd ones.

Extend to these thy pard'ning grace:
To these be thy salvation show'd;
Oh! add them to thy chosen race!
Oh! sprinkle all their hearts with blood.

Still let the publicans draw near:
Open the door of faith and heaven!
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiven.

HYMN 23. L. M.

Away my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall no more in me have place,
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No! in the strength of Jesus, no—
I never will give up my shield.

Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil;
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

In hope believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesu's name:

To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
On wings of faith mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 24. L. M.

Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,
Thy great Provider still is near:
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still,
Be calm, and sink into his will.

The Lord who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim,
"Ask and receive in Jesu's name."

His stores are open all, and free
To such as truly upright be;
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he sees good.

Your sacred hairs which are so small,
By God himself are number'd all:
This truth he's publish'd all abroad,
That men may learn to trust the Lord.

The ravens daily he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need:

Although they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.

Then do not seek with anxious care,
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear,
Your heavenly Father will you feed;
He knows that all these things you need.

Without reserve give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart:
Then all things else he'll freely give:
With him you all things shall receive.

Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity.

HYMN 25. L. M.

Come sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesu's guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all;
Come, all the world: come, sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.

Come all ye souls by sin oppress,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

Come, and partake the gospel feast;
Be sav'd from sin—in Jesus rest:
Oh! taste the goodness of your God,
And eat his flesh and drink his blood.

Ye vagrant souls, on you I call;
(Oh! that my voice could reach you all!)
Ye all may now be justified;
Ye all may live, for Christ hath died.

My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ, and live;
Oh! let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

His love is mighty to compel;
His conquering love consent to feel;
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice;
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

This is the time—no more delay;
This is the acceptable day;
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

HYMN 26. L. M.

Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart;
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art;
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

Ah! shew me the happiest place,—
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstacy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God.
Thy love for a sinner declares
Thy passion and death on the tree:
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast.

'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

HYMN 27. 8's & 6's.

Be it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

O! may I still from sin depart,
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus to me be given;
And let me through thy spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

HYMN 28. S. M.

Come ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround the throne:

Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the Heavenly King,
May speak their joys abroad.

The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This mighty God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;

We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 29. 7's.

Happy soul, that free from harms,
Rests within the Shepherd's arms:
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?
Jesus doth his spirit bear:
Jesus takes his every care:
He who found the wandering sheep,
Jesus, still delights to keep.

Oh! that I might so believe,
Stedfastly to Jesus cleave;
On his love alone rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh;
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near;
All his care rejoice to prove,
All his paradise of love.

Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep;
Bring me back, and lead and keep;
Take on thee my every care;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear:
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice;

More and more of thee receive:
Ever in thy Spirit live:

Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect, through my Lord, below:
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gather'd to the fold above:
Oh, that I at last may stand,
With the saints at thy right hand;
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by thee to heaven.

HYMN 30. L. M.

Happy the man that finds the grace,
The blessings of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

Happy beyond description he
Who knows "The Saviour died for me;"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

Wisdom divine! Who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandize?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honour that descends from God.

To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

Happy the man who wisdom gains,
Thrice happy who his guest retains;
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

HYMN 31. L. M.

Happy the souls that first believ'd,
To Jesus and each other cleav'd:
Join'd, by the unction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.

Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They liv'd, and spake, and thought the same:
They joyfully conspir'd to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

With grace abundantly endued,
A pure, believing multitude,

They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspir'd the whole.

O! what an age of golden days!
O! what a choice peculiar race!
Wash'd in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Anointed Kings and Priests to God.

Where shall I wander now to find,
Successors they have left behind?
The faithful, whom I seek in vain,
Are 'minish'd from the sons of men

Ye different sects, who all declare,
"Lo! here is Christ," or "Christ is there!"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show me where the Christians live.

HYMN 82. L. M.

Jesus, from whom all blessings flow,
Great builder of thy church below:
If now thy spirit moves my breast,
Hear and fulfil thine own request!

The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own,
Unite and perfect them in one.

O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses:
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

In them let all mankind behold,
How Christians liv'd in days of old:
Mighty their envious foes to move;
A proverb of reproach—and love.

Call them into thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white!
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and shew
The glorious, spotless Church below.

From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known,
And, O, my God, might I be one!

Oh! might my lot be cast with these:
The least of Jesu's witnesses:
Oh! that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples' feet!

This only thing do I require:
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy church to live.

After my lowly Lord I go,
And wait upon thy saints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will,
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.

Tell me, or thou shalt never go,
"Thy prayer is heard; it shall be so!
The word hath pass'd thy lips, and I,
Shall with thy people live and die.

HYMN 33. 6-7's.

Weary souls, that wander wide,
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood,
Rise to all the life of God.

Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown:
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise, exalted by his fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

O! believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy, too,
Find on earth the life of heaven;
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed:
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be;
Blest to all eternity.

HYMN 34. S. M.

Ye simple souls, that stray
Far from the path of peace,
(That lonely, unfrequented way
To life and happiness,)
Why will ye folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God?

Madness and misery
Ye count our life beneath;
And nothing great or good can see,
Or glorious in our death:

As only born to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie:
And utterly contemn'd we live,
And unlamented die.

So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, impotent, and poor,
Above your scorn we rise:
We, through the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things;
For he, whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us Priests and Kings.

Riches unsearchable
In Jesu's love we know:
And pleasures springing from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow;
The spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power:
And always sorrowful we live
Rejoicing evermore.

Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways;
And in their watchful hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace;
Unto that heavenly bliss
They all our steps attend

And God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our friend.

With him we walk in white:
We in his image shine;
Our robes are robes of glorious light,
Our righteousness divine:
On all the kings of earth
With pity we look down;
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown.

HYMN 35. 6-8's.

Sinners, believe the gospel-word:
Jesus is come your souls to save!
Jesus is come, your common Lord;
Pardon ye all through him may have;
May now be saved, whoever will;
This Man receiveth sinners still.

See where the lame, the halt, the blind,
The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor,
Flock to the friend of human kind,
And freely all accept their cure:
To whom did he his help deny?
Whom, in his days of flesh, pass by?

Did not his word the fiends expel,
The lepers cleanse, and raise the dead?
Did he not all their sickness heal,
And satisfy their every need?
Did he reject the helpless clay,
Or send them sorrowful away?

Nay, but his bowels yearn'd to see
The people hungry, scatter'd faint;
Nay, but he utter'd over thee,
Jerusalem, a true complaint;
Jerusalem, who shed his blood,
That, with his tears, for thee had flow'd

HYMN 36. 6-8's.

Would Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
(Sinners, he prays for you and me:)
"Forgive them, Father, O! forgive:
They know not that by me they live!"

Jesus descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve;
Great God of universal love,
If all the world through thee may live,
In us a quick'ning spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me!

Thou loving, all atoning lamb,
Thee—by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away!

O! let me kiss thy bleeding feet
And bathe and wash them with my tears;
The story of thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears:
That all may hear the quick'ning sound,
Since I, e'en I, have mercy found.

O! let thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free;
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me.
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

HYMN 37. 4-6's. & 2-8's.

Let earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

Jesus transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

Jesus, harmonious Name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze:
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.

His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free:
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, he died for me.

O! unexampled love:
O! all redeeming grace!

How swiftly thou didst move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done?

O! for a trumpet voice
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified:
For all, for all my Saviour died!

HYMN 38. C. M.

Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.

Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour,

Lover of souls: thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear;
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.

HYMN 39. P. M.

Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labour of love.

Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

The arrow is flown; the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do."

O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

HYMN 40. 7's.

What are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light;
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood:
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.

Out of great distress they came,
Wash'd their robes by faith below.
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne!
Serve their maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more:
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

HYMN 41. S. M.

Spirit of Faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood:
'Tis thine the blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.

No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

O! that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of Faith! descend and show
The virtue of his name:
The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes;
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

HYMN 42. C. M.

Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of Light and Love.

Come, Holy Ghost, (for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke),
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

Expand thy wings, celestial dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night:
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.

God, thro' himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

HYMN 43. 6-8's.

Inspirer of the ancient seer,
Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
The same thro' all succeeding years,
To us, in our degenerate age,
The Spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the Life into our heart.

While now thine oracles we read,
With earnest prayer and strong desire,
O! let thy Spirit now proceed,
Our souls to waken and inspire;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the light of grace!

Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
The living God through sin forsake,

Our conscience by thy word reprove,
  Convince and bring the wand'rers back.
Deep wounded by thy spirit's sword,
  And then by Gilead's balm restored.

The sacred lessons of thy grace,
  Transmitted through thy word, repeat;
And train us up in all thy ways,
  To make us in thy will complete;
Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.

Furnish'd out of thy treasury,
  O! may we always ready stand
To help the souls redeem'd by thee,
  In what their various states demand;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love!

HYMN 44. L. M.

Author of faith, eternal word,
  Whose spirit breathes the active flame;
Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
  To-day as yesterday the same:

To thee our humble hearts aspire,
  And ask the gift unspeakable:

Increase in us the kindled fire,
  In us the work of faith fulfil.

By faith we know thee strong to save:
  (Save us, a present Saviour thou!)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
Future and past subsisting now.

To him that in thy name believes,
  Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
  Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

The things unknown to feeble sense,
  Unseen by reason's glimmering ray.
With strong, commanding evidence,
  Their heavenly origin display.

Faith lends its realizing light,
  The clouds disperse, the shadows fly:
The Invisible appears in sight,
  And God is seen by mortal eye.

HYMN 45. 6-7's.

O! disclose thy lovely face,
  Quicken all my drooping powers;
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
  As a thirsty land for showers:

Haste, my Lord, no more delay,
Come, my Saviour, come away.

Dark and cheerless is the moon,
  Unaccompanied by thee:
Joyless is the day's return,
  Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit, thou, this soul of mine,
  Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiancy divine,
  Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

HYMN 46. C-8's.

And can it be that I should gain
  An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
  For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all! the Immortal dies;
  Who can explore the strange design?

In vain the first born seraph tries
  To sound the depths of love divine?
'Tis mercy all; let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.

He left his Father's throne above;
  (So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
  And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O! my God, it found out me!

Long my imprison'd spirit lay
  Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
  I woke—the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free;
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

No condemnation now I dread;
  Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living head,
  And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the Crown through Christ my own.

HYMN 47. P. M.

My God I am thine, what a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of his name.

True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound;
And whoever hath found it hath paradise found;
My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast:
That, that is the fulness, but this is the taste;
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

HYMN 48. 10's & 11's.

Let all men rejoice by Jesus restored:
We lift up our voice, and call him our Lord;
His joy is to bless us, and free us from thrall:
From all that oppress us, he rescues us all.

Him Prophet, and King, and Priest we proclaim;
We triumph and sing of Jesus's name:
Poor sinners he teaches to show forth his praise,
And tell of the riches of Jesus's grace.

No matter how dull the scholar whom He
Takes into his school, and gives him to see;
A wonderful fashion of teaching he hath,
And wise to salvation he makes us through faith.

The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not stray,
His method so plain, so easy the way:
The simplest believer his promise may prove,
And drink of the river of Jesus's love.

Poor outcasts of men, whose souls were despised,
And left with disdain, by Jesus are prized:
For his wonderful love in us he makes known,
And brings us salvation, and calls us his own.

HYMN 49. C. M.

My God the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,

The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN 50. C. M.

Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

With thee conversing we forget
All toil, and time, and care;
Labour is rest and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice:
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And here thee inly speak.

Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

HYNM 51. 8's & 6's.

How happy, gracious Lord, are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are,
Betwixt the mount and multitude;
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

With us no melancholy void,
No period lingers unemploy'd,
  Or unimproved, below;
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
  And only thee to know.

The winter's night and summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
  Too short to sing thy praise:
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers,
  In everlasting lays.

With all who chant thy name on high,
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
  (A bright harmonious throng!)
We long thy praises to repeat,
And restless sing, around thy seat,
  The new, eternal song.

HYMN 52. 6-8's.

When Israel out of Egypt came,
  And left the proud oppressor's land,
Supported by the great I AM,
  Safe in the hollow of his hand,
The Lord in Israel reign'd alone,
And Judah was his favourite throne.

The sea beheld his power, and fled,
  Disparted by the wondrous rod;
Jordan ran backward to its head,
  And Sinai felt the incumbent God;
The mountains skipp'd like frighted rams,
The hills leap'd after them as lambs.

What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea?
  What horror turn'd the river back?
Was nature's God displeas'd with thee?
  And why should hills or mountains shake?
Ye mountains huge that skipp'd like rams?
Ye hills, that leap'd as frighted lambs?

Earth! tremble on, with all thy sons,
  In presence of thy awful Lord,
Whose power inverted nature owns,
  His only law his sovereign word:
He shakes the centre with his rod,
And heaven bows down to Jacob's God.

Creation, varied by his hand,
  The omnipotent Jehovah knows:
The sea is turn'd to solid land,
  The rock into a fountain flows;
And all things, as they change, proclaim,
The Lord, eternally the same.

HYMN 53. 6-8's.

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
  Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
  Or immortality endures.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
  And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppress, he feeds the poor,
  And none shall find his promise vain.

The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
  He sends the labouring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
  And grants the prisoner sweet release.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
  Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
  Or immortality endures.

HYMN 54. L. M.

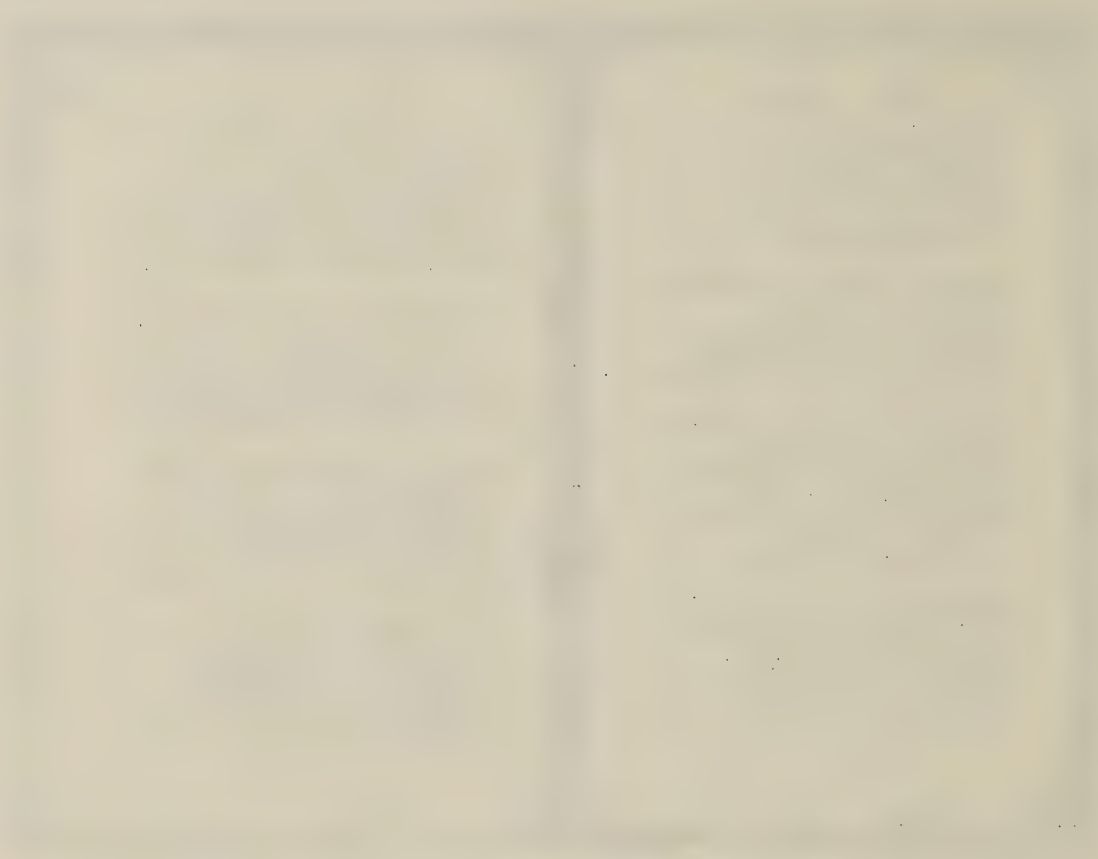
Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

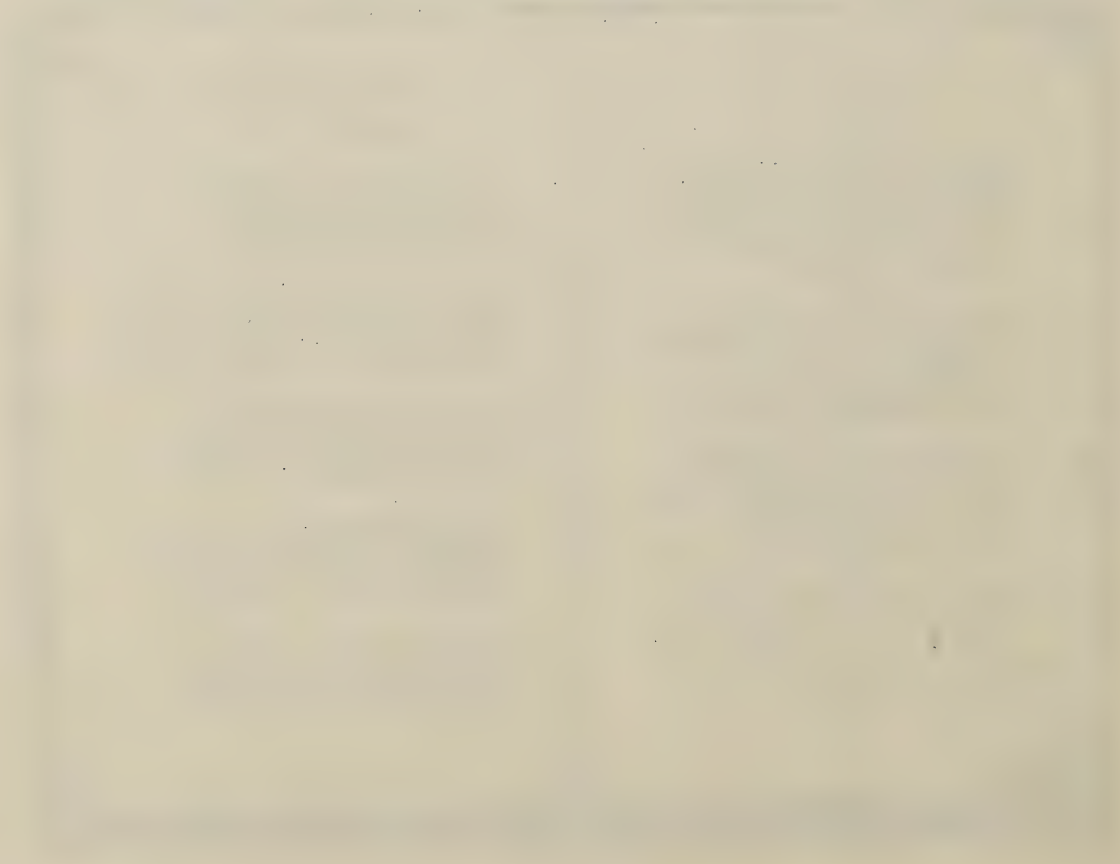
He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd

Sing to the Lord; exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky:
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn:
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

And saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.





HYMN 55. P. M.

Away with our fears! the glad morning appears,
When an heir of salvation was born!
From Jehovah I came, for his glory I am,
And to him I with singing return.

Thee, Jesus, alone, the fountain I own
Of my life and felicity here;
And cheerfully sing my Redeemer and King,
Till his sign in the heavens appear.

With thanks I rejoice in thy fatherly choice,
Of my state and condition below:
If of parents I came who honour'd thy name,
'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

I sing of thy grace, from my earliest days,
Ever near to allure and defend: [sin,
Hitherto thou hast been my preserver from
And I trust thou wilt save to the end.

Oh! the infinite cares, and temptations, and snares,
Thy hand hath conducted me through;
O, the blessings bestow'd by a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new.

What a mercy is this, what a heaven of bliss,
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gather'd into the fold, with thy people enroll'd,
With thy people to live and to die.

Oh! the goodness of God, employing a clod,
His tribute of glory to raise!
His standard to bear, and with triumph declare,
His unspeakable riches of grace!

Oh! the fathomless love, that has deign'd to approve,
And prosper the work of my hands!
With my pastoral crook I went over the brook
And, behold, I am spread into bands.

Who, I ask in amaze, hath begotten me these,
And inquire from what quarter they came?
My full heart replies, they are born from the skies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.

All honour and praise to the Father of grace,
To the Spirit and Son, I return!
The business pursue, he hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

HYMN 56. C. M.

Blest be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God, and King!
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

By thee the victory is given;
The majesty divine, [heaven,
And strength, and might, and earth, and
And all therein, are thine.

The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost thy right maintain,
And high, on thine eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.

Riches, as seemeth good to thee,
Thou dost, and honour give:
And kings their power and dignity
Out of thy hand receive.

Thou hast on us the grace bestow'd,
Thy greatness to proclaim;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise thy glorious name.

Thy glorious name and nature's powers
Thou dost to us make known:

And all the Deity is ours,
Through thy incarnate Son.

HYMN 57. C. M.

Jehovah, God the Father, bless,
And thy own work defend;
With mercy's outstretch'd arms embrace,
And keep us to the end.

Preserve the creatures of thy love,
By providential care,
Conducted to the realms above,
To sing thy goodness there.

Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightness of thy face;
And all thy pardon'd people fill
With plenitude of grace.

Shine forth with all the Deity,
Which dwells in thee alone!
And lift us up, thy face to see,
On thy eternal throne.

Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father and Son to show;
With bliss ineffable, divine,
Our ravish'd hearts o'erflow.

HYMN 58. C. M.

Father, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands thro' the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power:
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

Part of thy name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their divinest forms.

Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

Now the full glories of the Lamb,
Adorn the heavenly plains;

Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

O! may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song:
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN 59. S. M.

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son:
Strong is the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts pass'd,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Stand, then, against your foes,
In close and firm array;
Legions of wily fiends oppose,
Throughout the evil day:
But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.
Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind,
That was in Christ, your head.

HYMN 60. S. M.

SECOND PART.

But, above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Arm'd with the adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;

Repell'd his every fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jesu's blood.

Jesus hath died for you;
What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jesus reigns;
All power to him is given:
Believe, till freed from sin's remains;
Believe yourselves to heaven.

To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.
Ready for all alarms,
Stedfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms,
And use your every grace.

Pray, without ceasing pray;
Your Captain gives the word;
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
In instant prayer display:
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray without ceasing, pray.

HYMN 61. 6-8's.

Peace! doubting heart; my God's I am:
Who form'd me man, forbids my fear;
The Lord hath call'd me by my name;
The Lord protects, for ever near;
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own.

When passing through the watery deep,
I ask, in faith, his promis'd aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head;
Fearless their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there.

To him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play;
I own his power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

Still nigh me, O, my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand;
Show forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thy arms my sure defence,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

Since thou hast bid me come to thee,
(Good as thou art, and strong to save,)
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by the unyielding wave;
Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.

When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll,
When high the storms of passion rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul,
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper—"Peace, be still."

Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt on snares and death I'll tread;
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head,
Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,
And flourish, unconsumed, in fire.

HYMN 62. L. M.

Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness for my Lord?

Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How, then, before thee, shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross, my God, endured by thee?

What then, is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate make me afraid?
A man: an heir of death: a slave
To sin: a bubble on the wave.

Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since, in all pain, thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

Saviour of men, thy searching eye
Doth all my inmost thoughts descry.
Doth ought on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach! and welcome pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord:
Thy will be done, thy name adored.

Give me thy strength, O God of power;
Then, let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fixed; I can do all through thee.

HYMN 63. L. M.

Come, Saviour Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

Oh! let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.

While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu!

That path, with humble speed, I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine:
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul:
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.

Thee I can love, and thee alone,
With pure delight and inward bliss;
To know thou tak'st me for thy own,
Oh! what a happiness is this!

Nothing on earth do I desire
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

HYMN 64. C. M.

Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give,
The power to watch and pray.

Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O! let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

The spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let thee go.

"I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee."

HYMN 65. S. M.

Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a Godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,
To pray, and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less:
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
(Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,)
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hopes remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 66. 8's. & 6's.

Saviour, on me the want bestow,
Which all that feel shall surely know
Their sins on earth forgiven;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.

Meeken my soul, thou heavenly lamb,
That I in the new earth may claim
My hundred-fold reward:
My rich inheritance possess,
Co-heir with the great Prince of Peace,
Co-partner with my Lord.

Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire,
And feast my hungry heart:
Less than thyself cannot suffice;
My soul for all thy fulness cries,
For all thou hast and art.

Mercy who show shall mercy find!
Thy pitiful and tender mind
Be Lord on me bestow'd;
So shall I still the blessing gain,
And to eternal life retain
The mercy of thy God.

Jesus, the crowning grace impart;
Bless me with purity of heart;
That now beholding thee,
I soon may view thy open face,
On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God for ever see.

HYMN 67. S. M.

Hark! how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround:
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand,
Go forth to glorious war.

Only have faith in God;
In faith your foes assail;
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell:
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule the lower world.

HYMN 68. 6-7's.

Ye, who in his courts are found
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

Jesus for the sinner dies!
View the wondrous sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven:
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

HYMN 69. 6-8's.

Captain of Israel's host and guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love:
Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
Our end the glory of the Lord.

By thine unerring spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;

As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love is near.

HYMN 70. 6-8's.

When quiet in my house I sit,
Thy books be my companion still;
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

O! may the gracious word divine,
Subject of all my converse be;
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me;
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O! may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast;
While on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;

And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

HYMN 71. L. M.

O thou to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
Oh! burst these bonds, and set it free.

Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean as thou, my Lord, art clean.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;

Oh! let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil and grief, and care shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy and peace.

HYMN 72. L. M.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN 73. C. M.

Come let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb, that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:

Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine:
And blessings more than we can give,
Be Lord for ever thine.

Let all that dwell below the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas.
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name,
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 74. 7's, 6's, 8's.

Praise the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below;
Praise the holy God of love,
And all his greatness show;
Praise him for his noble deeds,
Oh! praise him for his matchless power;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let heaven and earth adore.

Publish, spread to all around,
The great Immanuel's name;
Him the gospel trumpet's sound
Shall Lord of Hosts proclaim.
Heavenly love the song inspires,
Jehovah Jesus will we sing;
Strike the cymbals, sweep the lyre,
The sweetest music bring.

Him in whom we live and move
Let all creation praise:
Him whom saints adore and love
We sing in grateful lays.
Yes! he did our souls redeem;
For ever be his name ador'd,
Over all he rules supreme:
Let all things praise the Lord.

HYMN 75. S. M.

Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore,

Sing till we feel the heart
  Ascending with the tongue;
Let every meaner joy depart,
  And grace inspire the song.

Sing, on your heavenly way,
  Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
  In Christ, the eternal King.

HYMN 76. C. M.

Begin my tongue, the heavenly theme
  Awake my heart, and sing
The word unchangeably the same,
  Of our eternal King.

Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
  And sound his power abroad:
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
  And the performing God.

Proclaim, "salvation from the Lord,
  To wretched dying men:"
His hand hath writ the sacred word
  With an immortal pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
  The mighty promise shines:

Nor can the powers of darkness rase
  Those everlasting lines.

Yes, every word of grace is strong
  As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
  Speaks all the promises.

O! might I hear that heavenly tongue
  But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
That gracious word should raise my song
  To notes almost divine.

HYMN 77. C. M.

Let heathens to their idols haste,
  And worship wood or stone;
ut my delightful lot is cast,
  Where the true God is known.

His hand provides my constant food,
  He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleased with present good,
  But more rejoice in hope.

God is my portion and my joy,
  His counsels are my light;
He gives me sweet advice by day,
  And gentle hints by night.

My soul would all her thoughts approve
  To his all-seeing eye;
Not death, nor hell, my hope shall move,
  While such a friend is nigh.

HYMN 78. Anapæstic.

This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And knows not beginning nor end.

'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
An trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN 79. L. M.

With Israel's God who can compare?
Or who like Israel happy are?
Oh! people, saved by the Lord,
He is thy shield and great reward.

Upheld by everlasting arms,
Thou art secured from foes and harms;
In vain their plots, and false their boasts,
Our refuge is the Lord of Hosts.

HYMN 80. 8—7—4.

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
  Look, my soul, be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
  With a glorious day of grace;
    Blessed Jubilee!
  Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Let the Indian, let the Negro,
  Let the rude Barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest
  Once obtain'd on Calvary.
    Let the Gospel
  Soon resound from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
  Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
  May the morning chase the night;
    Chase the darkness
  From their long benighted eyes.

Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
  Win and conquer, never cease;
So Immanuel's fair dominions
  Shall extend and still increase,
    Till the kingdoms
  Of the world are all his own.

HYMN 81. L. M.

Come hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

Thus, Lord, we humbly venture near,
By unbelief and guilt oppress't;
Henceforth, thine easy yoke we'll bear,
And seek in thee the promis'd rest.

HYMN 82. P. M.

Ye dying sons of men,
Emerged in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
Which Jesus sends to you

Ye perishing and guilty come;
'Tis mercy calls, "There yet is room,"

No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame.
All things are ready, sinner come;
For every trembling soul there's room.

Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wanderers draw near;
No more from Jesus rove,
But seek the Saviour here.
For whosoever will may come,
While mercy calls, there yet is room.

HYMN 83. L. M.

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy:

Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 84. S. M.

Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord,
We are his work, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race.

The Lord in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
You that despise my promis'd rest,
Shall have no portion there.

HYMN 85. C. M.

My soul, how lovely is the place
Where thy redeeming God
Unveils the glories of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

'Tis there the sparrow seek a spot
Of safety for her nest;

'Tis in thy courts my happy soul
Has found her sweetest rest.

Blest are the souls that humbly wait
Within thy temple, Lord;
To them thy words of grace are sweet,
And strength and joy afford.

Come, Holy Spirit, from above
Descend and fill the place;
Reveal to us the Saviour's love
And sanctifying grace.

HYMN 86. 7's.

Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee—here we stay;
Lord, from whence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let "the time of love" return.

Grant we all may seek and find,
Thee our gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN 87. L. M.

Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd.

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
And depth of thine unmeasur'd grace.

Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, through Christ His Son.

HYMN 88. C. M.

Come, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

When we thy wondrous glories hear,
And all thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear,
What rich unbounded grace.

How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise;
How should our souls, with wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

But ah! the song—how cold it flows!
How languid our desire!
How faint the sacred passion glows
Till thou the heart inspire!

Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

HYMN 89. L. M.

God of my life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?

Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor.

Did ever mourner plead with thee
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an advocate with thee;
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

HYMN 90. P. M.

As the dew, from heaven distilling,
Gently on the grass descends,
And revives it, thus fulfilling
What thy providence intends.

Let thy doctrine, Lord, so gracious,
Thus descending from above,
Blest by thee prove efficacious,
To fulfil thy work of love.

Lord, behold this congregation;
Precious promises fulfil,
From thy holy habitation
Let the dews of life distil.
Let our cry come up before thee,
Sweetest influence shed around:
So the people shall adore thee,
And confess the joyful sound.

HYMN 91. L. M.

O thou, at whose almighty word,
The glorious light from darkness sprung,
Thy quickening influence afford,
And clothe with power the preacher's tongue.

As when of old, the waters flow'd
Forth from the rock at thy command,
Moses in vain had wav'd his rod,
Without thy wonder-working hand.

As when the walls of Jericho,
Down to the earth at once were cast;

It was thy power that brought them low,
And not the trumpet's feeble blast.

Thus we would in the means be found,
And thus on thee alone depend;
O, make the gospel's joyful sound
Effectual to the promis'd end.

HYMN 92. C. M.

Once more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask;
Oh! may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task!

May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the sacred treasure there,
Nor ever with it part.

Awake, O heavenly wind, awake!
Refreshing breezes blow;
Let every plant thy power partake,
And all the garden grow.

Revive the parch'd, with soft'ning showers:
The cold, with warmth divine;
The benefit shall all be ours;
Be all the glory thine.

HYMN 93. C. M.

Come, guilty souls, and flee away
To Christ, and heal your wounds;
This is the welcome gospel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

God lov'd the world, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath:
And Jesus says he'll cast out none,
That come to him by faith.

HYMN 94. 8—8—6.

How precious is thy word, O Lord
What light, and joy those leaves afford
To souls in deep distress!
Thy fear forbids our feet to stray,
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,
And lead to righteousness.

Thy threat'nings wake our slumbering eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies:
But 'tis thy gospel, Lord,
That makes the guilty conscience clean,
Converts the soul, and conquers sin,
And gives a free reward.

HYMN 95. C. M.

Arise, O King of kings, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Thy Zion waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bless'd.

Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy spirit and thy word:
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

Here, come, and hold a lasting throne;
And as thy kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn thy crown,
And shame confound thy foes.

HYMN 96. 8—7—4.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us—
Travelling through this wilderness,

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
Ever faithful—
To the truth may we be found.

HYMN 97. C. M.

May we, who know the joyful sound,
Still practice what we know:
Not hearers of the word alone,
But doers of it too.

By acts of mercy let us show,
We have not heard in vain;
But kindly feel another's woe,
And long to ease his pain.

The widow's heart shall share our joy;
The orphan and oppress'd
Shall see we love the sweet employ,
To succour the distress'd.

We'll teach the ignorant the way,
True happiness to know,
And how the vilest sinner may
Escape eternal woe.

Thankful that we the gospel hear,
And love the joyful sound,
Oh! may the sacred fruits appear,
And in our lives abound.

HYMN 98. 10's. & 11's.

O Jesus, our Lord, thy name be ador'd,
For all the rich blessings convey'd in thy word
Believing, we trace thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.

Thrice happy are they, who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel-day
That blessing be mine, thro' favour divine;
And, oh, my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

HYMN 99. L. M.

The rising sun has chas'd the night,
And brought again the cheering light;
This mercy multiplies our days,
And calls us to renew our praise.

We laid us down, and sweetly slept,
The Lord our souls in safety kept:
We wake his goodness to proclaim,
And sing new honours to his name.

We know not what his will ordains,
But 'tis our joy that Jesus reigns;
Tho' dangers, snares, and foes abound,
The eternal arms will us surround.

Teach us to walk with thee to-day,
Our only care to keep thy way:
Ourselves to thee we would resign,
Content to know that we are thine.

HYMN 100. 4-6's & 2-8's.

Ye ransom'd sinners hear,
The prisoners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

Let others hug their chains,
For sin and Satan plead,
And say, from sin's remains
They never can be freed;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,

Faithful he is, and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up
And see redemption near;
Again I say, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

Who Jesu's sufferings share,
My fellow-prisoners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear
On your triumphant brow:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise;

Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice in me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

HYMN 101. C. M.

Lord, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise true;
And, lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise:
Jesus, support my tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.

If such a worm as I can spread,
The common Saviour's name;
Let him who rais'd thee from the dead
Quicken my mortal frame.

Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

Surely thou canst, I do not doubt,
Thou wilt, thyself impart;

The bond-woman's son cast out,
And take up all my heart.

I shall my ancient strength renew:
The excellence divine
(If thou art good, if thou art true)
Throughout my soul shall shine.

I shall, a weak and helpless worm,
Through Jesus strengthening me,
Impossibilities perform,
And live from sinning free.

For in this steadfast hope I wait;
Now, Lord, my soul restore;
Now the new heavens and earth create,
And I shall sin no more.

HYMN 102. L. M.

Let not the wise his wisdom boast;
The mighty glory in his might;
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.
The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again.

One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.
The Lord my righteousness I praise;
I triumph in the love divine,
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ to endless ages mine.

HYMN 103. C. M.

Father to thee my soul I lift:
My soul on thee depends,
Convinc'd that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

His blood demands the purchas'd grace;
His blood's availing fee

Obtain'd the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is thine.

From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call
In whom we are, and move and live;
Our God is all in all.

Open their graves and quickly bring
The outcasts forth, to own
Thou art their Lord, their God, their King,
Their true anointed one.

To save a fallen race forlorn,
Thy glorious arm display!
And show the world a nation born,
A nation in a day!

HYMN 104. S. M.

Messiah, full of grace,
Redeem'd by thee, we plead

The promise made to Abraham's race,
To souls for ages dead.

Their bones, as quite dried up,
Throughout the vale appear:
Cut off and lost their last faint hope
To see thy kingdom here.

HYMN 105. S. M.

And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace!
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesu's praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we past,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last?
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

HYMN 106. C. M.

All praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

He bids us build each other up,
And gather'd into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope
We hand in hand go on.

The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

Even now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree;

Concentrated through Jesu's name,
In perfect harmony.

We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet.

HYMN 107. 7's.

Jesus, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid our jars for ever cease.

By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come and spread thy banner here.

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

Free from anger and from pride,
Let us then in God abide:
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

HYMN 108. L. M.

Praise ye the Lord, my heart shall join,
In work so pleasant, so divine;
Now while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last.

Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,

And earth and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppress, he feeds the poor;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind!
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns,
Praise him in everlasting strains.

HYMN 109. L. M.

Kingdoms and thrones to God belong,
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse,
His honours shall enrich your verse.

He shakes the heavens with loud alarms.
How terrible is God in arms;
In Isr'el are his mercies known,
Isr'el is his peculiar throne.

Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest,
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

HYMN 110. S. M.

O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

When to thy works on high
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies:

When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms;
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

Lord what is worthless man,
That thou should'st love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And Lord of all below.

Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,

And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

How rich thy bounties are,
And wondrous are thy ways;
Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
A monument of praise.

HYMN 111. L. M.

Lord, thou hast searched and seen me thro',
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs!

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

Within thy circling pow'r I stand;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent, what lofty height!
My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin for God is there.

HYMN 112. L. M.

The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades as blazing noon.

Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God! they're both alike to thee;
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye!

O! may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

HYMN 113. C. M.

Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

How kind are thy compassions, Lord,
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

Creatures with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

HYMN 114. L. M.

With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my maker in my song:
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word:

Not all thy works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guided by thy hand:
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

HYMN 115. C. M.

O, God! on thee we all depend
On thy paternal care:
Thou wilt the father and the friend
In every act appear.

With open hand, and lib'ral heart,
Thou wilt our wants supply;
The needful blessings still impart,
And no good thing deny.

Our father knows what's good and fit,
And wisdom guides his love;
To thine appointments we submit,
And every choice approve.

In thy paternal love and care,
With cheerful hearts we trust,
Thy tender mercies boundless are,
And all thy thoughts are just.

We cannot want while God provides!
What he ordains is best;
And heaven, whate'er we want besides,
Will give eternal rest.

HYMN 116. C. M.

Ye sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to every snare;
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try and trust his care.

No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise the saints on high.

He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all your ways;
To watch your pillows while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

Their hands shall bear you lest you fall,
And dash against the stones;

Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons?

Because on me they set their love,
I'll save them, saith the Lord;
I'll bear their joyful souls above
Destruction and the sword.

My grace shall answer when they call,
In trouble I'll be nigh:
My power shall help them when they fall,
And raise them when they die.

HYMN 117. S. M.

Dismiss your anxious care,
O, all ye sons of need!
Consider how the ravens are
By heavenly bounty fed.

Jehovah will provide
Your clothing and your food;
Think how the ravens are supplied;
And trust a faithful God.

You have no present store
Laid up for future needs;
Yet he will not forget the poor
Who hungry ravens feed.

Your Father will bestow
On you your daily bread;
The ravens neither reap nor sow,
And yet are richly fed.

How mean these creatures are!
Yet God supplies their wants;
And he that doth for ravens care,
Will not forget his saints.

For you the Saviour died;
Heav'n is prepar'd for you;
He that for ravens doth provide,
Will feed his children too.

If Satan should suggest,
God will not hear you cry,
He hears young ravens in their nest,
And answers from the sky.

His gracious word believe,
Forget your long complaint;
If God doth food to ravens give,
He will not let you faint.

HYMN 118. L. M.

When God's own people stand in need,
His goodness will provide supplies;

Thus, when Elijah faints for bread,
A raven to his succour flies.

At God's command, with speedy wings,
The hungry bird resigns its prey,
And to the rev'rend prophet brings
The needful portion day by day.

This method may be counted strange;
But happy was Elijah's lot;
For nature's course shall sooner change
Than God's dear children be forgot.

This wonder has been oft renew'd,
And saints, by sweet experience, find
Their evils overruled for good,
Their foes to friendly deeds inclin'd.

Who shall distrust that mighty hand
Which rules with universal sway,
Which nature's laws can countermand,
Or feed us by a bird of prey?

HYMN 119. C. M.

When all thy mercies, O, my God.
My happy soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd;
When in the silent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breast.

Unnumber'd comforts, Lord of all,
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thy arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me on to man.

When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand, with various good,
Hath made my cup run o'er;
And in thy Son, my dearest friend,
Hath doubled all my store.

Through all eternity, my God,
A joyful song I'll raise;
But, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 120. L. M.

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate:
God is their strength, and, through the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.

Cheerful they walk, with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,

Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

HYMN 121. L. M.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care can seize my breast;
Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace how bright they shine,
How deep thy councils, how divine!

But oh! what triumphs shall I raise
To thy dear name, through endless days;
When in the realms of joy I see
Thy face in full felicity.

Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 122. C. M.

Not to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke:

But we shall come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels, cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven!
And God, the judge of all, declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.

The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;

All join in Christ their living head,
And of his grace partake.

In such society as this,
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

HYMN 123. C. M.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Father, and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 124. C. M.

How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This world, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight.
Yet O! by faith I see,
The land of rest, the saints delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

Oh! what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay;
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd;
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

HYMN 125. C. M.

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,

I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 126. 4-8's. 2-6's.

Except the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed,
We spend our wretched strength for nought;
But if our works in thee are wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O, let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesu's name!

In Jesu's name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
Only one thing resolv'd to know,
And square our useful lives below,
By reason and by grace.

Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confin'd,
Freely to all ourselves we give;
Constrain'd by Jesu's love to live
The servants of mankind.

Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will!
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising church, and place
The city on the hill.

Oh, let our love and faith abound!
Oh, let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine:
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee!
The heavenly light divine.

HYMN 127. S. M.

And let our bodies part,
To different climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

Jesus, the corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite;
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

Oh! let us still proceed
In Jesu's work below;
And following our triumphant head,
To further conquests go.

The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'rers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

Oh! let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end.

Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain;
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

Oh! happy, happy place
Where saints and angels meet;
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

The church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.

Abrah'm and Isaac there,
And Jacob, shall receive
The foll'wers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.

We'll all our time beneath
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain top.

To gather home his own,
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumphs end.

HYMN 128. C. M.

God of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace:
Thy gifts to thee we render back,
In ceaseless songs of praise.

Through thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one;
And each to each, in Jesus join'd,
We hand in hand go on.

Subsist as in us all one soul;
No power can make us twain;

And mountains rise and oceans roll,
To sever us in vain.

Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh;
While, on the wings of faith and prayer,
We each to other fly.

Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine;
Oh! what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join.

Oh! what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white array'd;
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

Then let us hasten to the day,
When all shall be brought home;
Come, oh! Redeemer, come away,
Oh! Jesus, quickly come.

HYMN 129. C. M.

Sing to the great Jehovah's praise;
All praise to him belongs;
Who kindly lengthens out our days
Demand our choicest songs:
His providence hath brought us through
Another various year;
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care;
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
What'er we have or are;
Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesu's steps we go
To seek thy face above.

Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine shall be;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee:

Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heaven.

HYMN 130. P. M.

I long to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above;
The king in his beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode;
Oh! when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God.

With him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word,
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of the Lord:
But when on thy bosom reclin'd,
Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee.

How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove,

Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then with the body set free,
Me then to that city receive.

HYMN 131. C. M.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

Oh! the transporting rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
The rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;

Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul,
Would here no longer stay!
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

There on those high and flow'ry plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

HYMN 132. C. M.

Soon as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children seek my grace,"
My heart replied without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away!
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

Should friends and kindred near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd,
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

HYMN 133. L. M.

Great God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

God is our sun: he makes our day;
God is our shield; he guards our way

From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey;
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

HYMN 134. C. M.

O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure!
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are hurried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

DISMISSION.—DOXOLOGIES.

HYMN 135. 8's & 7's.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMN 136. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 137. 6—6—4.

Glory to God on high;
Let heaven and earth reply,
Praise ye his name.
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore.
Worthy the Lamb.

Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye his name;
Tell what his arm hath done.
What spoils from death he won;
Sing his great name alone;
Worthy the Lamb.

Let all the hosts above
Join in one song of love,
Praising his name.
To him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity,
Worthy the Lamb.

HYMN 138. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

SACRAMENTAL HYMNS.

HYMN 139. C. M.

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Saviour die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?

Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 140. L. M.

'Twas on that dark, that solemn night,
When powers of death and hell arose,
Against the Son, e'en God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes:

Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

"This is the body, broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine,
"'Tis the new covenant of my blood."

For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice pour'd upon his head,
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

For us his precious blood was spilt,
To purchase pardon for our guilt:
When, for our sins, he suffering dies,
And gave his life a sacrifice.

"Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet at my table and record
The love of your departed Lord."

Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 141. 4-6's & 2-8's.

Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,

The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead:
His blood aton'd for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me,
"Forgive him, oh! forgive!" they cry,
"Nor let the ransom'd sinner die!"

The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one;
He cannot turn away
The promise of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

To God I'm reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear;

He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

HYMN 142. C. M.

Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee.

Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

'Tis done: the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head and dies.

But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine;
Oh! Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?

HYMN 143. L. M.

He died! the great Redeemer died,
And Israel's daughters wept around;
A solemn darkness veil'd the sky,
A sudden trembling shook the ground.

Come saints and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of precious blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory died for men;
But lo! what sudden joys were heard,
Jesus, though dead, 's reviv'd again.

The rising Lord forsook the tomb,
In vain the tomb forbid his rise,
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

Wipe off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great deliverer reigns;
Sing how he triumph'd over hell,
And how he'll bind your foe in chains.

Say, live for ever, wondrous King;
Born to redeem, and strong to save.
Then ask the monster where's thy sting?
And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave?

HYMN 144. P. M.

O God, th' eternal Father,
Who dwells amid the sky,
In Jesu's name we ask thee
To bless and sanctify,
(If we are pure before thee,)
This bread and cup of wine,
That we may all remember
That off'ring so divine.

That sacred holy off'ring,
By man least understood,
To have our sins remitted,
And take his flesh and blood.
That we may ever witness,
The suff'ring of thy Son,
And always have his Spirit
To make our hearts as one.

When Jesus, the anointed,
Descended from above,
And gave himself a ransom
To win our souls with love.

When no apparent beauty,
That men should him desire—
He was the promised Saviour,
To purify with fire.

How infinite that wisdom,
The plan of holiness,
That made salvation perfect,
And vail'd the Lord in flesh,
To walk upon his footstool,
And be like man (almost),
In his exalted station,
And die—or all was lost!

'Twas done—all nature trembled,
Yet by the power of faith,
He rose as God triumphant,
And broke the bands of death:
And rising conqu'ror "captive
He led captivity,"
And sat down with the Father,
To all eternity.

He is the true Messiah,
That died and lives again;
We look not for another,
He is the Lamb 'twas slain;
He is the stone and shepherd
Of Israel—scatter'd far;

The glorious branch from Jesse;
The bright and morning star.

Again, he is that prophet
That Moses said should come,
Being rais'd among his brethren,
To call the righteous home,
And all that will not hear him,
Shall feel his chastening rod,
Till wickedness is ended,
As saith the Lord our God.

He comes, he comes in glory,
(The veil has vanished too),
With angels, yea, our fathers,
To drink this cup anew—
And sing the songs of Zion,
And shout—'Tis done, 'tis done!
While every son and daughter,
Rejoices—we are one.

HYMN 145. L. M.

I know that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever living head!

He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to bless in time of need.

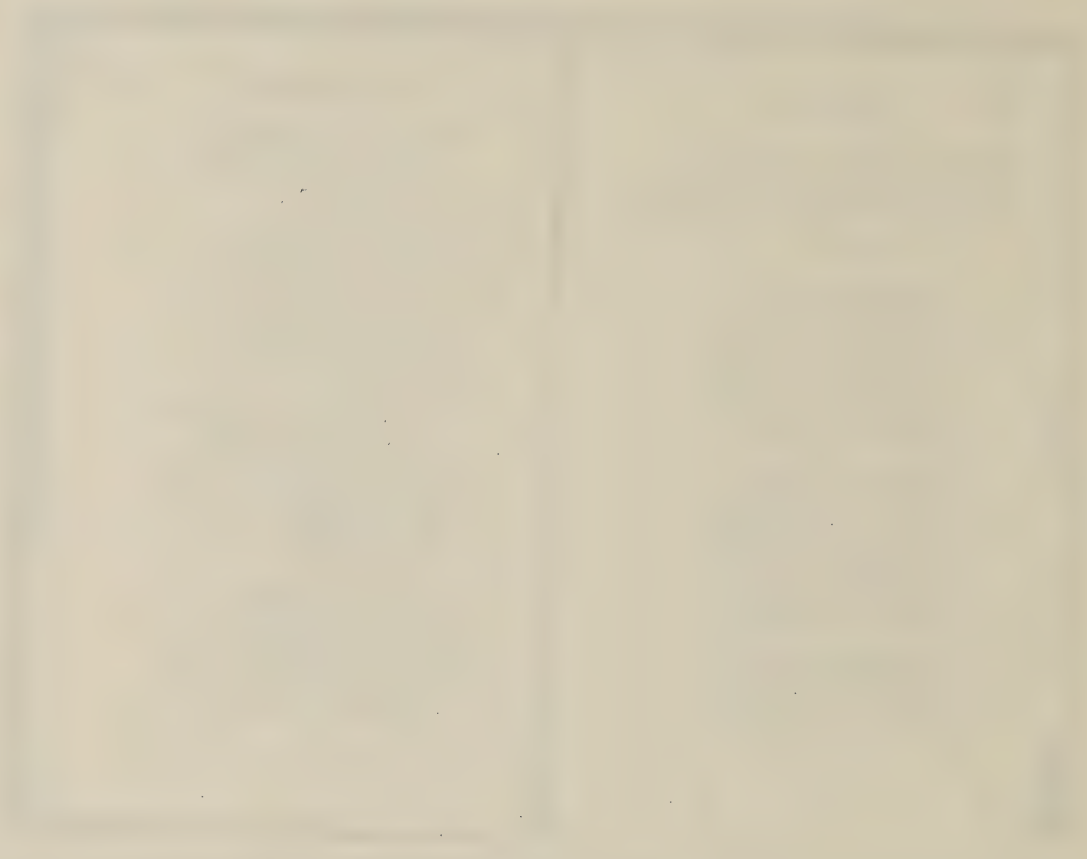
He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stop and wipe my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart:

He lives my kind, wise, heav'nly friend,
He lives and loves me to the end,
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King:

He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death,
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there:

He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same:
Oh! the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives."



HYMN 146. P. M.

Gently raise the sacred strain,
For the Sabbath's come again,
  That man may rest,
And return his thanks to God
For his blessings to the blest.

Holy day, devoid of strife,
For to seek eternal life,
  That great reward,
And partake the sacrament,
In remembrance of our Lord.

Sweetly swell the solemn sound,
While we bring our gifts around,
  Of broken hearts,
As a willing sacrifice,
Showing what his grace imparts.

Happy type of things to come,
When the saints are gather'd home,
  To praise the Lord,
In eternity of bliss,
All as one with one accord.

Holy, holy, is the Lord,
Precious, precious is his word,
  Repent and live;

Though your sins are crimson red,
Oh! repent, and he'll forgive.

Softly sing the joyful lay
For the saints to fast and pray,
  As God ordains,
For his goodness and his love
While the Sabbath day remains.

HYMN 147. S. M.

Ye children of our God,
  Ye Saints of Latter-days,
Surround the table of the Lord,
  And join to sing his praise.

He gives his flesh and blood
  Our souls to purify,
And blesses us with every good,
  And thus he brings us nigh.

We do remember him—
  His sorrow, pain, and death;
And how with power he rose again,
  Triumphant from the earth.

He triumphed o'er the grave,
  And soon ascended high—

Where throned in power he sits to save,
  And bring the sinner nigh.

He soon will come again,
  And with his children taste
The marriage supper of the Lamb,
  With his own presence bless'd.

Array'd in spotless white,
  We'll then each other greet,
And see Messiah thron'd in might,
  And worship at his feet.

HYMN 148. C. M.

Behold thy sons and daughters, Lord,
  On whom we lay our hands—
They have fulfill'd the gospel word,
  And bow'd at thy commands.

O, now send forth the heavenly dove,
  And overwhelm their souls
With peace and joy and perfect love,
  As lambs within thy fold.

Seal them by thine own spirit's power,
  Which purifies from sin;
And may they find from this good hour,
  They are adopted in.

Strengthen their faith, confirm their hope,
  And guide them in the way—
With comfort bear their spirits up,
  Until the perfect day.

BAPTISMAL HYMNS.

HYMN 149. P. M.

Jesus, mighty King in Zion,
  Thou alone our guide shalt be;
Thy commission we rely on,
  We will follow none but thee.

As an emblem of thy passion,
  And thy victory o'er the grave,
We who know the great salvation,
  Are baptized beneath the wave.

Fearless of the world's despising,
  We the ancient path pursue;
Buried with our Lord, and rising
  To a life divinely new.

HYMN 150. 6-8's.

In Jordan's tide the prophet stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the right demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse;
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies
In deeps conceal'd from human view;
Ye men behold him sink and rise,
A fit example this for you.
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

But lo! from yonder opening skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like the Eternal Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head:
Amaz'd they see the power divine
Around the Saviour's temples shine.

But hark, my soul, hark and adore!
What sounds are those that roll along
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song!
"This is my well-beloved Son,
I see, well pleas'd what he hath done."

Thus the Eternal Father spoke.
Who shakes creation with a nod;
Through parting skies the accents broke
And bid us hear the Son of God:
Oh! hear the gospel word to-day,
Hear, all ye nations, and obey.

HYMN 151. 4-8's & 2-6's.

Salem's bright King, Jesus by name,
In ancient times to Jordan came,
All righteousness to fill;
'Twas there the ancient prophet stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his Master's will.

The holy Jesus did demand
His right to be baptized then,
The prophet gave consent;
On Jordan's banks they did appear,
The servant and his Master dear,
Then down the bank they went.

Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The prophet led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize:
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleas'd in what he'd done,
And own'd him from the skies.

The opening heaven now complies,
The Holy Ghost like lightning flies,
Down from the courts above;
And on the holy, heavenly Lamb,
The Spirit lights and does remain,
In shape like a fair dove.

This is my Son, Jehovah cries,
The echoing voice from glory flies,
O children, hear ye him;
Hark! 'tis his voice, behold he cries,
Repent, believe, and be baptiz'd,
And wash away your sin.

Come, children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's bright King has mark'd the way,
And has a crown prepar'd:
Oh! then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

Believing children, gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound;
With cheerful hearts arise;
See here is water, here is room,
A loving Saviour calling, come,
O children, be baptiz'd.

Behold, his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands
To wait upon the bride!
Ye candidates your hearts prepare,
And let us join in solemn prayer,
Down by the water side.

HYMN 152. P. M.

Come ye children of the kingdom,
Sing with me for joy to-day:
Gather round as Christ's disciples,
Kneel with grateful hearts and pray.

There's a line contain'd in Matthew,
What the Saviour said to John,
And the sacred words from heaven,
This is my beloved Son.

As 'twas said to Nicodemus,
So I must be born again;
'Tis by water and the Spirit,
I the promise may obtain.

So I will obey the Saviour,
Keep his law and do his will,
That I may enjoy for ever
Happiness on Zion's hill.

HYMN 153. L. M.

Do we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord,
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin.

Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death:
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

No more let sin or Satan reign,
Over our ransom'd souls again;
The hateful lusts we serv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN 154. C. M.

In pleasure sweet here we do meet,
Down by the water side;
And here we stand, by Christ's command,
To wait upon his bride.

Here we do bid the world farewell,
To practice his command;
It is the road that leads to God,
The way to Canaan's land.

Now we will sing to Christ our King,
Our souls shall give him thanks,
Who came to Jordan unto John,
And went down Jordan's banks.

Come, sinners all, obey the call,
"Repent, and be baptiz'd;"
Forsake your sins, and follow him,
Till you in glory rise.

We've found the road that leads to God,
The way of holiness:
We'll follow him where he has been,
For all his paths are peace.

HYMN 155. C. M.

Thus was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's swelling flood,
To show he must be soon baptiz'd
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.

Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread;

Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living head.

HYMN 157. P. M.

Never does truth more shine
With beams of heavenly light,
Than when the Scriptures join
To prove it plain and right;
Than when each text doth each explain,
And all unite to speak the same.

Thus Peter, who obey'd
What Jesus said, was wise,
And preached as he led,
Repent and be baptiz'd;
Thus Philip did to th' eunuch say,
If you believe in Christ, you may.

Paul preach'd the word of grace;
Whole households did believe,
And were baptiz'd to Christ,
Whose gospel they receiv'd:
Thus Christians were, of ancient date,
As sacred hist'ry doth relate.

We see 'tis no new thing
To teach, and then baptize;
So Christians first began
Christ's ordinance to prize.

This makes us cheerfully obey,
And go as they have led the way.

HYMN 156. L. M.

Come, all ye sons of grace, and view
Your bleeding Saviour's love to you;
Behold him sink with heavy woes,
And give his life to save his foes.

When you behold the sacred wave,
You see the emblem of his grave;
Come, all who would his laws obey,
And view the place where Jesus lay.

But not death's adamantine chain
Could long the mighty Lord detain;
Behold him cheer the heavy gloom,
And rise refulgent from the tomb.

When you ascend above the flood,
Then call to mind the Son of God;
Ye saints, lift up your joyful eyes,
Exulting see your Saviour rise.

Fresh from the stream, and fill'd with love,
Far from the tents of guilt remove,
Nobly from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to every worthy deed.

HYMN 158. L. M.

All you that love Immanuel's name,
Whose spirits burn with ardent flame
To see his glory, learn his praise,
And follow him in all his ways.

'Tis you, ye children of the light!
The Spirit and the bride invite:
Come, come, ye subjects of his grace!
Where he reveals his smiling face.

Come to his church, enter his gates;
For you his gracious presence waits:
Here peace and pardon are bestowed;
Great gifts! and worthy of a God.

Thus welcome, why should you delay?
He who invites has marked the way:
It is the way the Saviour came,
He was baptiz'd in Jordan's stream.

HYMN 159. C. M.

Dear Lord, and will thy pard'ning love
Embrace a soul so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

Hast thou discharg'd my dreadful debt,
And set the pris'ner free?
Can'st thou each bold affront forget,
And save a wretch like me?

And shall my proud rebellious heart
Yet murmur at thy will?
Shall I from thy commands depart,
And wander from the still?

Hast thou for me the cross endur'd,
And all the shame despis'd?
And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,
With thee to be baptiz'd?

Did'st thou the great example lead
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain a deed
That's worthy of my God?

Dear Lord, thy condescending love
Reproves my cold delays:
My wand'ring steps how slow they move,
How careless in thy ways!

And shall I still rebellious stand?
Let fear and shame be gone!
This ordinance is thy command;
Thy will, my God, be done.

HYMN 160. P. M.

Behold the Lamb of God!
In his divine array,
Go down into the flood,
His Father to obey,
In Jordan's stream to be baptiz'd,
Though by a carnal world despis'd.

Can we pretend to know
More fully God's design?
Can we pretend to show
A conduct more divine?
Can we neglect this ordinance,
Without an insult to our Prince?

Jesus, we will obey
Thy practice and command;
Behold us here to-day!
We in thy presence stand,
Devoted to thy blessed will,
Ready thy pleasure to fulfil.

We sink beneath the wave;
The water we go through,
The emblem of thy grave,
And resurrection too;
We die, are buried, rise again,
In hopes with thee to live and reign.

Great Father, cast thine eye
And drive away our fear;
Our ev'ry want supply;
Give grace to persevere;
And then rejoicing we will go
To do our Father's will below.

HYMN 161. L. M.

'Twas the commission of our Lord,
"Go teach the nations, and baptize,"
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his cov'nant with the seals,
To bless the distant British lands.

"Repent, and be baptiz'd," he saith,
"For the remission of your sins;"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.

Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great eternal Three,
In heaven our solemn vows record!

HYMN 162. L. M.

In ancient times a man of God
Came preaching in the wilderness:
He did baptize in Jordan's flood,
Requiring fruits of righteousness.

Saying, Repent; the time's fulfill'd;
The Son of God will soon appear:
Make straight his paths, and do his will,
For, lo! his kingdom now is near.

I now baptize with water here,
For the remission of your sins;
But he shall send the Spirit's power
To witness to your souls within.

Thus was Messiah's way prepar'd,
When first he came unto his own;
And by this means, when he appear'd,
The ready bride her Saviour own'd.

E'en so, in this the latter day,
Before he comes on earth to reign,

His servants must prepare his way,
And all his paths make straight again.

Come, then, ye wandering sheep who stray,
Arise, return unto your fold;
Come, be baptiz'd without delay,
And thus pursue the paths of old.

HYMN 163. C. M.

Father in heaven we do believe
The promise thou hast made;
The word with meekness we receive,
Just as thy saints have said.

We now repent of all our sins,
And come with broken hearts;
And to thy cov'nant enter in,
And choose the better part.

We'll now be buried in the stream
In Jesu's blessed name,
And rise, while light shall on us beam,
The Spirit's heavenly flame.

O Lord, accept our humble prayer,
And all our sins forgive;
New life impart from this good hour,
And bid the sinner live.

Baptize us with the Holy Ghost,
And seal us as thine own,
That in thy kingdom we may stand,
And with thy saints be one.

HYMN 164. L. M.

How foolish to the carnal mind
The ord'nances of God appear,
They count them as a puff of wind,
And gaze with a contemptuous sneer.

What! buried now beneath the flood,
To wash away your guilt and sin?
Are not some other means as good,
Nay, better? why appear so mean?

Thus they despise the proffer'd grace,
And die and perish in their sins;
So the Assyrian leper thought,
What! wash in Jordan and be clean.

Nay, in a rage he turned away,
And would remain a leper still;
But, lo! his humble servant's sway
Prevail'd at last and turned his will.

He washed in Jordan's rolling flood,
And straightway found his flesh renew'd,

The virtue of the word of God,
Thus by experience he had proved.

Poor sinners now would fain perform
Some great and meritorious deed,
Bow to the systems men have form'd,
And from their leprosy be freed.

Then, why not yield to simple means?
The Gospel is the power of God;
'Twill save the vilest from their sins
Who yield obedience to the word.

HYMN 165. C.M.

Lo! on the water's brink we stand,
To do the Father's will,
To be baptiz'd by his command,
And thus the word fulfil.

O Lord, we've sinned, but we repent,
And put our sins away,
With joy receive the message sent
In this the latter day.

Thou wilt accept our humble prayer,
And all our sins forgive;
For Jesus is the sinner's friend,
He died that we might live.

We lay our sinful bodies now
Beneath the opening wave,
Then rise to life divinely new,
As from the bursting grave.

So when the trump of God shall blow,
The saints shall burst the tomb,
Immortal beauty crown their brow
With an immortal bloom.

HYMN 166. C. M.

Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
The Gospel word is sown;
Come, with your guilt and sin oppress'd,
The name of Jesus own.

Oh! come to Jesus, though your sins
Have like a mountain rose,
And to his cov'nant enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

Believe, repent, and be baptiz'd,
And wash your sins away;
He'll send his Spirit from on high
When you the word obey.

In vain the sons of men have tried
A thousand different ways,

From anxious seats have called him Lord,
But ne'er do what he says.

In vain they worship at his feet,
Or bow before his throne,
While men's commandments still they teach,
And doctrines of their own.

The Lord from heaven has renew'd
The covenant again,
And to the nations sent his word,
To make their duty plain.

HYMN 167. 4-6's & 2-8's.

Repent ye Gentiles all,
And come and be baptiz'd;
It is the Saviour's call,
He 's spoken from the skies,
And sent the message we declare,
His second coming to prepare.

Be buried with your Lord,
And rise divinely new,
'Tis his eternal word—
The ancient path pursue,
The promis'd blessing now secure,
The Spirit's seal, for ever sure.

Ye souls with sin distress'd,
Who fain would find relief;
Come, on his promise rest,
He will assuage your grief,
He'll send his Spirit from on high,
When with the gospel you comply.

Come be adopted in
With Israel's chosen race,
And wash away your sins,
The promised blessing taste;
The covenant stands for ever sure,
To all who to the end endure.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

HYMN 168. C. M.

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry:
"Ye living men come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.

Princes, this clay must be your bed.
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the revered head,
Shall lie as low as ours."

Great God! is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure!
Still walking downwards to the tomb,
And yet prepar'd no more.

Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 169. C. M.

Why do we mourn for dying friends
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed;

Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

Thence he arose, ascended high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our feet shall fly,
At the great rising day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN 170. L. M.

Why should we start and fear to die?
What timrous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away:
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lay my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 171. L. M.

Creation speaks with awful voice—
Hark! 'tis a universal groan
Re-echoes through the vast extent
Of worlds unnumber'd called to mourn.

For sickness, sorrow, pain and death,
With awful tyranny have reigned;
While all eternity has shed
Her tears of sorrow o'er the slain.

But hark! again a voice is heard,
Resounding through the sullen gloom:
A mighty conqueror has appear'd,
And rose triumphant from the tomb.

No longer let creation mourn;
Ye sons of sorrow dry your tears;
Life—life—eternal life is ours,
Dismiss your doubts, dispel your fears.

The king shall soon in clouds descend,
With all the heav'nly hosts above:

The dead shall rise and hail their friends,
And always dwell with those they love.

No tears, no sorrow, death or pain,
Shall e'er be known to enter there;
But perfect peace, immortal bloom,
Shall reign triumphant ev'ry where!

HYMN 172. L. M.

The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-tide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipp'd by the winds untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows,
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin-rose.

Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine!
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven but recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

ON PRIESTHOOD.

HYMN 173. L. M.

In ancient days men fear'd the Lord,
And by their faith receiv'd his word,
Then God bestow'd upon the meek
The priesthood of Melchizedek.

By help of this their faith increas'd,
Till they with God spoke face to face;
And Enoch, he would walk with God,
A Noah, ride safe o'er the flood.

Abr'ham obtained great promises,
And Isaac he was also blest,

A Jacob could prevail with God,
The sea divide at Moses' rod.

The lion's mouth a Daniel clos'd,
The fire ne'er scorch'd his brethren's clothes,
But time would fail to mention all,
A John, a Peter, or a Paul.

Who did to the third heavens arise,
And view the wonders of the skies;
He saw and heard mysterious things,
Yet all by faith, and not by wings.

Such blessings to the human race
Once more are tender'd by God's grace;
The priesthood is again restor'd,
For this let God be long ador'd.

Now we by faith, like Paul and John,
May see the Father and the Son,
And view eternal things above,
And taste the sweets of boundless love.

And if, like them, we hated be,
Deprived sometimes of liberty,
We will, like them, this faith defend,
Whate'er our fate, unto the end.

O Lord, assist thy feeble worms
This resolution to perform,
And we thy sacred name will praise
Throughout the remnant of our days.

HYMN 174. P. M.

Now we'll sing with one accord,
For a prophet of the Lord,
Bringing forth his precious word,
Cheers the saints as anciently.

When the world in darkness lay,
Lo! he sought the better way,
And he heard the Saviour say,
"Go and prune my vineyard, Son!"

And an angel, surely then,
For a blessing unto men,
Brought the priesthood back again,
In its ancient purity.

Even Joseph he inspires;
Yea, his heart he truly fires,
With the light that he desires,
For the work of righteousness.

And the Book of Mormon, true,
With its covenant ever new,

For the Gentiles and the Jew,
He translated sacredly.

The commandments to the church,
Which the saints will always search,
(Where the joys of heaven perch),
Came through him from Jesus Christ.

Precious are his years to come,
While the righteous gather home,
For the great Millennium,
Where he'll rest in blessedness.

Prudent in this world of woes,
He will triumph o'er his foes,
While the realm of Zion grows
Purer for eternity.

SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

HYMN 175. P. M.

Awake! O ye people, the Saviour is coming;
He'll suddenly come to his temple we hear:
Repentance is needed of all that are living,
To gain them a lot of inheritance near.

To-day will soon pass, and that unknown
to-morrow, [row,
May leave many souls in a more dreadful sor-
Than came by the flood, or that fell on Go-
morrah— [teeth.
Yea, weeping and wailing, and gnashing of

Be ready, O islands, the Saviour is coming;
He'll bring again Zion the prophets declare;
Repent of your sins, and have faith in re-
demption,
To gain you a lot of inheritance there.

A voice to the nations in season is given,
To show the return of the glories of Eden,
And call the elect from the four winds of
heaven,
For Jesus is coming to reign on earth.

HYMN 176. P. M.

From the regions of glory an angel de-
scended,
And told the strange news how the babe
was attended:
Go, shepherds, and visit this heavenly stran-
ger;
Beneath that bright star, there's your Lord
in a manger!

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Whom our souls may rely on:
We shall see him on earth,
When he brings again Zion.

Glad tidings I bring unto you and each nation;
Glad tidings of joy, now behold our salvation:
Arise all ye pilgrims and lift up your voices,
And shout—the Redeemer; while heaven rejoices.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

Let glory to God in the highest be given,
And glory to God be re-echo'd in heaven;
Around the whole world let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

The kingdom is yours by the will of the Father,
Whose uplifted hand just the righteous will gather,
Before all the wicked will pass as by fire,
The heavens shall shine with the coming Messiah.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

HYMN 177. P. M.

Let all the Saints their hearts prepare:
Behold the day is near,
When Zion's King shall enter there,
And banish all their fear;
Fill all with peace and love,
And blessings from above,
His church with honours to adorn,
The church of the first-born.

Behold, he comes on flying clouds,
And speeds his way to earth,
With acclamations sounding loud,
With songs of heavenly birth,
The saints on earth will sing,
And hail their heavenly King:
All the redeem'd of Adam's race,
In peace behold his face.

Before his face, devouring flames
In awful grandeur rise:
The suffering saints he boldly claims,
And bears them to the skies:
While earth is purified,
In peace they all abide,
And then descend to earth again,
Rejoicing in his reign.

N.

A thousand years in peace to dwell,
The earth with joys abound,
Made free from all the powers of hell,
No curse infects the ground.
From sin and pain releas'd
The saints abide in peace;
And all creation here below,
Their King and Saviour know.

HYMN 178. P. M.

Let us pray, gladly pray
In the house of Jehovah,
Till the righteous can say,
"Oh! our warfare is over!"
Then we'll dry up our tears,
Sweetly praising together,
Through the great thousand years,
Face to face with the Saviour.

What a joy will be there,
At the great resurrection,
As the saints meet in air,
In their robes of perfection;
Then the Lamb—then the Lamb
With a God's mandatory,
As I AM THAT I AM,
Fills the world with his glory.

We can then live in peace,
With a joy on the mountains,
As the earth doth increase,
With a joy by the fountains,
For the world will be blest,
With a joy to rely on,
From the east to the west,
Through the glory of Zion.

HYMN 179. C. M.

Let Zion in her beauty rise,
Her light begins to shine,
Ere long her King will rend the skies,
Majestic and divine.
The gospel's spreading through the land,
A people to prepare,
To meet the Lord and Enoch's band,
Triumphant in the air.

Ye heralds, sound the gospel trump
To earth's remotest bound;
Go, spread the news from pole to pole,
In all the nations round,
That Jesus in the clouds above,
With hosts of angels too,
Will soon appear, his saints to save,
His enemies subdue.

But ere that great and solemn day,
The stars from heaven will fall,
The moon be turned into blood,
The waters into gall;
The sun with blackness will be cloth'd,
All nature look affright!
While men, rebellious wicked men,
Gaze heedless on the sight.

The earth shall reel, the heavens shake,
The sea move to the north,
The earth roll up like as a scroll,
When God's command goes forth;
The mountains sink, the valleys rise,
And all become a plain,
The islands and the continents,
Will then unite again.

Alas! the day will then arrive,
When rebels to God's grace,
Will call for rocks to fall on them,
And hide them from his face:
Not so with those who keep his law,
Their joy to meet their Lord
In clouds above, with them that slept
In Christ, their sure reward.

That glorious rest will then commence,
Which prophets did foretell,

When Christ will reign with saints on earth,
And in their presence dwell
A thousand years: Oh! glorious day!
Dear Lord prepare my heart,
To stand with thee on Zion's mount,
And never more to part,

Then when the thousand years are past,
And Satan is unbound,
O Lord, preserve us from his grasp.
By fire from heaven sent down,
Until our great last change shall come,
T' immortalize this clay,
Then we in the celestial world
Will spend eternal day.

HYMN 180. L. M.

My soul is full of peace and love,
I soon shall see Christ from above;
And angels too, the hallow'd throng,
Shall join with me in holy song.

The Spirit's power has seal'd my peace,
And fill'd my soul with heavenly grace;
Transported, I with peace and love,
Am waiting for the throne above.

Prepare my heart, prepare my tongue,
To join this glorious, heavenly throng;
To hail the bridegroom from above,
And join the band in songs of love.

Let all my powers of mind combine
To hail my Saviour all divine,
To hear his voice, attend his call.
And crown him King and Lord of all.

HYMN 181. P. M.

Now let us rejoice in the day of salvation,
No longer as strangers on earth need we roam,
Good tidings are sounding to us and each nation, [come.
And shortly the hour of redemption will

When all that was promis'd the saints will be given, [even,
And none will molest them from morn until
And earth will appear as the garden of Eden,
And Jesus will say to all Israel, come home.

We'll love one another, and never dissemble,
But cease to do evil, and ever be one:
And while the ungodly are fearing and trembling, [shall come.
We'll watch for the day when the Saviour

When all that was promis'd the saints will be given, [even,
And none will molest them from morn until
And earth will appear as the garden of Eden,
And Jesus will say to all Israel, Come home.

In faith we'll rely on the arm of Jehovah,
To guide through these last days of trouble and gloom,
And after the scourges and harvest are over,
We'll rise with the just when the Saviour doth come.

Then all that was promis'd the saints will be given, [heaven,
And they will be crown'd as the angels of
And earth will appear as the garden of Eden,
And Christ and his people will ever be one.

HYMN 182. C. M.

The glorious day is rolling on,
All glory to the Lord!
When fair as at creation's dawn
The earth will be restor'd.

A perfect harvest then will crown
The renovated soil.

And rich abundance drop around,
Without corroding toil.

For in its own primeval bloom
Will nature smile again,
And blossoms streaming with perfume
Adorn the verdant plain.

The saints will then, with pure delight,
Possess the holy land,
And walk with Jesus Christ in white,
And in his presence stand.

What glorious prospects! can we claim
These hopes, and call them ours?
Yes, if through faith in Jesu's name
We conquer Satan's powers.

If we, like Jesus, bear the cross,
Like him despise the shame,
And count all earthly things but dross
For his most holy name.

Then, while the powers of darkness rage,
With glory in our view,
In Jesu's strength let us engage,
To press to Zion too.

For Zion will like Eden bloom,
And Jesus come to reign,
The saints immortal from the tomb
With angels meet again.

HYMN 183. L. M.

Behold the great Redeemer comes
To bring his ransom'd people home;
He comes to save his scatter'd sheep,
He comes to comfort those who weep.

He comes all blessings to impart
Unto the meek and contrite heart,
He comes, he comes, his saints admire,
He comes to burn the proud by fire.

He comes to bless the humble poor,
He comes creation to restore,
He comes the earth to purify,
He comes, but not again to die.

He comes, he comes unto his own,
He comes to reign on David's throne:
He comes to stand on Zion's hill,
He comes the Scriptures to fulfill.

He comes to tread the wicked down,
He comes the martyrs for to crown,

He comes to dry the mourner's tears,
He comes to reign a thousand years.

He comes on Olive's mount to stand,
He comes all Israel to defend.
He comes to lay the sinner low,
He comes that Judah may him know.

He comes to show his hands and side,
He comes to wed his ready bride,
He comes to reign as King of Kings,
He comes, and all creation sings.

HYMN 184. S. M.

Behold, the Saviour comes,
Ye saints your hearts prepare;
To Zion's mountain gather home,
For soon you'll meet him there.

The signs which he foretold
Already do appear,
Blood, smoke, and fire we oft behold,
And these bespeak him near.

Then let us lift our heads
With joy, and sing his praise,
The fig-tree putting forth its buds
Bespeaks the latter days.

HYMN 185. L. M.

Earth is the place where Christ will reign
With all his saints a thousand years,—
He'll end their sorrow and their pains,
Dismiss their woes and dry their tears.

He'll burst the prison of their tombs,
And bring their sleeping dust to light;
He'll clothe them with immortal bloom,
Array'd in garments clear and white.

He'll cleanse the earth from wicked men,
And bind Old Satan with a chain;
He'll raise the meek and humble then,
To thrones of power and bid them reign.

Hosannah to the Son of God,
Who soon will come to earth again,
To smite the wicked with his rod,
And o'er the earth exalted reign.

HYMN 186. L. M.

Behold the Mount of Olives rend!
And on its top Messiah stand,
His chosen Israel to defend,
And save them with a mighty hand.

The mountains sink, the valleys rise,
And all the land becomes a plain,
He brings deliverance to the Jews,
While all their enemies are slain.

But lo! what pen can paint the scene,
His wounded hands and side they see!
Where once the nails and spear had been;
This our Messiah? Can it be?

Whence, then, these wounds? ah! who has pierc'd
Our great Deliverer's heart and hands?
These are the wounds I once receiv'd
Amid my kindred and my friends.

Thus the Messiah stands reveal'd,
And they their bless'd Deliverer own;
They're humbl'd when at last they find
Jesus, Messiah, both are one.

Like Joseph's brethren now they mourn,
And humbly own a Saviour slain—
They crown him king on David's throne,
That o'er the nations he may reign.

HYMN 187. L. M.

Hosannah to the Great Messiah,
The long expected King of kings;

He'll come and cleanse the earth by fire,
And gather scatter'd Israel in.

On Zion's mount his throne shall be;
His sanctuary stand secure—
His sceptre o'er the nations sway,
And all creation him adore.

He'll judge with justice for the poor—
He will with equity reprove
He'll smite the wicked with [illegible]ower—
Oppression from the earth remove.

Princes, and kings, and dukes, and lords,
And mighty men of great renown
Shall pray, but not unto the Lord,
But to the rocks and hills bow down.

Ye rocks and mountains on us fall,
To hide us from the great Messiah;
For lo! the day of wrath has come,
The Lord's great day of dreadful ire.

The poor and meek shall then rejoice,
The Saints in peace possess the land,
The sheep shall hear the shepherd's voice,
And with him on mount Zion stand.

HYMN 188. 7's.

Jesus once of humble birth,
Now in glory comes to earth!
Once he suffer'd grief and pain—
Now he comes on earth to reign.

Once a meek and lowly Lamb—
Now the Lord, the great I AM;
Once with thieves was crucified—
Now on yonder cloud he rides.

Once he groaned in blood and tears—
Now in glory he appears;
Once rejected by his own—
Now their king he shall become.

Once forsaken, left alone—
Now exalted to a throne;
Once all things he meekly bore—
But he now will bear no more.

HYMN 189. P. M.

The earth shall be a blessed place,
To saints celestial given,
Where Christ again shall show his face,
With the redeem'd of Adam's race,
In clouds descend from heaven.

Yes, when he comes on earth again,
The wicked burn as stubble;
Thus all his enemies are slain,
And o'er the nations he shall reign,
And end the scenes of trouble.

The trump of war is heard no more,
But all their strife is ended,
While Jesus shall all things restore
To order, as they were before,
And peace o'er all extended.

Sing, O ye heavens! let earth rejoice,
While saints shall flow to Zion,
And rear the temple of his choice,
And in its courts unite their voice,
In praise to Judah's Lion.

Hosanna to the reign of peace,
The day so long expected;
When earth shall find a full release,
The groanings of creation cease,
The righteous well protected.

Come, sound his praise in joyful strains,
Who dwell beneath his banner;
He'll bind old Satan fast in chains,
And wide o'er earth's extended plains
The nations shout Hosanna.

HYMN 190. 7's & 6's.

At first, the babe of Bethlehem,
Of meek and humble mien;
But next, the Lord from heaven
In glory shall be seen.

The first, so meek and lowly,
Upon an ass he rode;
The second, crown'd with glory,
Return'd to his abode.

The first was persecuted,
And into Egypt fled—
A pilgrim and a stranger,
Not where to lay his head,

The second, in his temple
All suddenly appears,
And all his saints come with him,
To reign a thousand years.

The first, a man of sorrows,
Rejected by his own;
And Israel left in blindness
To wander forth forlorn.

The second brings deliverance—
They crown him as their king—

They own him as their Saviour,
And join his praise to sing.

The first was all compassion,
And healing his employ;
The second cloth'd in vengeance,
The wicked shall destroy.

The first he claim'd no kingdom,
Of this wide wicked world;
The last all kings shall own him,
Or from their thrones be hurl'd.

Let Jews and Gentiles mingle,
Messiah—Jesus, own;
His first and second coming
Will show that both are one.

HYMN 191. 4-8's & 2-6's.

Come, O! thou King of kings!
We've waited long for thee,
With healing in thy wings,
To set thy people free;
Come, thou desire of nations, come,
Let Israel now be gather'd home.

Come make an end of sin,
And cleanse the earth by fire,

And righteousness bring in,
That saints may tune the lyre,
With songs of joy—a happier strain,
To welcome in thy peaceful reign.

Hosannas now shall sound
From all the ransom'd throng,
And glory echo round,
A new triumphal song:
The wide expanse of heaven fill,
With anthems sweet from Zion's hill.

Hail! Prince of Life and Peace.
Thrice welcome to thy throne,
While all the chosen race,
Their Lord and Saviour own;
The heathen nations bow the knee,
And every tongue confess to thee,

HYMN 192. P. M.

Farewell all earthly honours,
I bid you all adieu,
Farewell all sinful pleasures,
I want no more of you;
I want my union grounded
On that eternal soil
Beyond the powers of Satan,
Where sin can ne'er defile.

I want my name engraved
Among the righteous ones,
Crying, holy, holy Father,
And wear a righteous crown;
For the sake of so pure riches,
I'm willing to pass through
All needful tribulations,
And count them my just due.

I'm willing to be chasten'd,
And bear my daily cross;
I'm willing to be cleans'd
From every kind of dross.
I see a fiery furnace:
I feel its piercing flames:
The fruits of it are holy,
The gold will still remain.

All earthly tribulations
Are but a moment here!
Then, oh! if we prove faithful,
A righteous crown we'll wear:
We shall be called holy,
And feed on angels' food;
Rejoicing in bright glory,
Before the throne of God.

There Christ himself has promis'd
A mansion to prepare,

For all who serve him faithfully,
The cross a crown shall wear;
Bright crowns shall then be given
To all the ransom'd throng,
And glory, glory, glory,
Shall be the conqueror's song.

GATHERING OF ISRAEL.

HYMN 193. P. M.

Redeemer of Israel,
Our only delight,
On whom for a blessing we call,
Our shadow by day,
And our pillar by night,
Our king, our companion, our all.

We know he is coming
To gather his sheep,
And plant them in Zion, in love:
For why in the valley
Of death should they weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

How long we have wandered
As strangers in sin,
And cried in the desert for thee!

Our foes have rejoic'd
When our sorrows they've seen,
But Israel will shortly be free.

As children of Zion
Good tidings for us:
The tokens already appear,
Fear not, and be just,
For the kingdom is ours,
And the hour of redemption is near.

HYMN 194. L. M.

What wondrous things we now behold,
Which were declar'd from days of old,
By prophets, who in visions clear,
Beheld these glories from afar.

The visions which Almighty God,
Confirm'd by his unchanging word,
That to the ages then unborn,
His greatest work he would perform.

The second time he'd set his hand
To gather Israel to their land,
Fulfil the covenants he had made,
And pour his blessings on their head.

When Moab's remnant, long oppress'd
Shall gather'd be, and greatly blest;
And Ammons's children, scattered wide,
Return with joy, in peace abide.

While Elam's race, a feeble band,
Receive a share in the blest land,
And Gentiles all their power display
To hasten on the glorious day.

Then Ephraim's sons, a warlike race,
Shall haste in peace and see their rest,
And earth's remotest parts abound,
With joys of everlasting sound.

Assyria's captives, long since lost
In splendour come, a numerous host;
Egyptia's waters fill'd with fear,
Their power feel and disappear.

Yes, Abraham's children now shall be
Like sands in number by the sea;
While kindreds, tongues, and nations all,
Combine to make their numbers full.

The dawning of that day has come,
See Abraham's sons are gath'ring home,
And daughters too, with joyful lays,
Are hastening here to join in praise!

O God, our Father, and our King,
Prepare our voices and our theme:
Let all our powers of mind combine
To sing thy praise in songs divine.

HYMN 195. P. M.

Ye ransom'd of the Lord,
To Zion now return,
And seek a safe abode
Before the wicked burn:
The year of jubilee draws near,
Jesus in clouds will soon appear.

Let Israel now return
Unto their ancient home,
Possess the Holy Land,
And build Jerusalem,
And there await the jubilee,
They shall the King of Glory see.

Let Gentiles throng the way
To Zion's happy land.
Those who the truth obey
Shall in his presence stand,
Shall shine with the celestial light,
And walk with Jesus Christ in white.

Let Joseph's remnants come
To the celestial hill,
And throng the house of God,
And learn to do his will,
That Zion may arise and shine
With light celestial and divine.

Let saints in every clime
Their waiting hearts prepare;
From every tribe and tongue,
To Zion's mount repair.
The marriage of the Lamb is near,
The great bridegroom will soon appear.

HYMN 196. L. M.

An holy angel from on high
The joyful message now has borne,
Which brings our longing spirits nigh,
To bow and worship near the throne.

Mercy and truth together meet,
And joy and peace with fond embrace;
The earth and heaven each other greet,
Their offspring truth and righteousness.

Lo! from the heavens comes righteousness,
And truth from earth exulting springs:
These join'd in one shall Israel bless,
Borne as it were on angels' wings.

Wide round the earth the echo flies,
From their long sleep the nations wake;
The righteous shout with glad surprise,
While the ungodly fear and quake.

Thus truth shall spread through every clime,
And Israel's tribes be gather'd home,
And watch for the appointed time,
And see the great Messiah come.

HYMN 197. L. M.

What wondrous scenes mine eyes behold!
What glories burst upon my view!
When Ephraim's record I unfold,
All things appear divinely new.

Angels to earth good news have borne,
Which fills our souls with joy and peace,
Good news to comfort those who mourn,
And bring the captives full release.

Israel so long oppress'd and griev'd,
In every land, in every clime,
Shall hear the word of God, and live!
This is the time, the chosen time.

The scatter'd sheep who once were sold,
In darkness, o'er the mountains far,
Shall now return unto their fold,
And there their waiting hearts prepare.

When, lo! their Shepherd shall descend,
With all the glorious heav'nly throng,

Destroy the wolves, the sheep defend,
From every wo, from every wrong.

Glory to God! we tune the lyre
In loud hosannas to his name;
Let Jews and Gentiles join the choir,
And round the earth the news proclaim.

HYMN 198. 4-6's & 2-8's.

An angel from on high,
The long, long silence broke—
Descending from the sky,
These gracious words he spoke:
Lo! in Cumorah's lonely hill
A sacred record lies conceal'd:

Seal'd by Moroni's hand,
It has for ages slept,
To wait the Lord's command,
From dust again to speak:
It shall come forth to light again,
To usher in Messiah's reign.

It speaks of Joseph's seed,
And makes the remnant known—
Of nations long since dead,
Who once had dwelt alone;

The fulness of the gospel, too,
Its pages will reveal to view.

The time is now fulfill'd—
The long expected day—
Let earth obedient yield,
And darkness flee away:
Open the seals, and wide unfurl
Its light and glory to the world.

Lo! Israel, fill'd with joy,
Shall now be gathered home;
Their wealth and means employ
To build Jerusalem:
While Zion shall arise and shine,
And fill the earth with truth divine.

HYMN 199. C. M.

On mountain tops the mount of God
In latter days, shall rise,
Above the summit of the hills,
And draw their wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the mount of God, they'll say,
And too his house we'll go.

The rays that shine from Zion's hill,
Shall lighten every land;
Her king shall reign a thousand years,
And all the world command.

Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the meek,
And crush the wicked's pride.

No war shall rage, no hostile band
Disturb those peaceful years;
To plough-shares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

Come, then, O house of Jacob, come,
And worship at his shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

MORNING HYMNS.

HYMN 200. P. M.

Awake! for the morning is come!
Rejoice in the Lord, and trust in his mercy,

And pray unto him, in meekness and love,
For knowledge and health, and all his good blessings,
To comfort and happify home.

O Lord, thou good Shepherd and King—
We want, through the day, to feed in thy pastures,
And feast on thy bounteous goodness and grace:
Oh! lead us along the banks of still waters,
To gladden our hearts and to sing.

Lord, turn all our hearts unto thee,
To walk in the paths of virtue and wisdom
To live in the bonds of union and peace,
And glorify thee in earth as in heaven:
Oh, keep us unspotted and free!

Oh! thou art the staff and the rod,
On which we can lean in every condition,
In youth and age, or valley of death, [fort:
For raiment and food, for joy and for com-
So praise ye the Lord, who is God.

HYMN 201. L. M.

Awake my soul and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;

Shake off dull sloth and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent time that's past;
Live this day as if 'twere thy last:
To improve thy talents take due care:
Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir:
May your devotion me inspire;
That I like you my days may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight:
Perform like you my Maker's will,
Oh! may I never more do ill.

Glory to thee, who safe has kept,
And has refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death awake,
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew!
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 202. C. M.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;

Up to the heav'ns where Christ has gone,
To plead for all his saints,

Presenting at the Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
The righteous shall be thy delight,
And dwell at thy right hand.

Oh! may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

Oh! do thou give my daily bread,
And be my sins forgiven,
And let me in thy temple tread,
And learn from thee of heaven.

HYMN 203. C. M.

Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
And let my heart its tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

Night unto night his name repeats,
And day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

'Tis he supports my mortal frame:
My tongue shall sing his praise:
And I will glory in his name
While he extends my days.

And when my mortal course is done,
And I must yield my breath,
Oh! may my soul, bright as the sun,
Shine o'er the night of death.

HYMN 204. S. M.

See how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way,
And wide proclaim his Maker's praise
With every bright'ning ray.

Thus would my rising soul
Of heaven's parent sing.
And spread the truth from pole to pole
Of Jesus, my great King.

In faith I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care,
I slept and I awoke, and found
That he was just as near.

O Lord, I want to live
So humble unto thee,

That in thy presence I may spend
A blest eternity.

Give me thy Spirit then,
To guide me through this day,
That I may be upright and just,
And always watch and pray.

HYMN 205. L. M.

Wak'd from my bed of slumber sweet,
Refresh'd in body and in mind,
The morning light with joy I greet,
And offer up a song divine.

Thy praise, O God, shall be my theme,
While day and night their course pursue,
Till time shall end its transient dream—
Eternity the theme renew.

Thy mercy has preserv'd my soul
Through toils and dangers, griefs and fears,
And still upon this earthly ball
Thou length'nest out my days and years.

O! grant me then thy Spirit's power
To guide my feet in ways of peace;
Preserve me thine each day and hour,
Till from a world of sin releas'd.

Then, when my mortal life is closed,
Eternal glory mine shall be;
And all array'd in spotless white,
I shall the King of glory see.

EVENING HYMNS.

HYMN 206. C. M.

Come, let us sing an evening hymn,
To calm our minds for rest,
And each one try, with single eye,
To praise the Saviour best.

Yea, let us sing a sacred song,
To close the passing day;
With one accord call on the Lord,
And ever watch and pray.

O, thank the Lord for grace and gifts,
Renew'd in latter days;
For truth and light to guide us right
In wisdom's pleasant ways.

For every line we have receiv'd,
To turn our hearts above;

For every word and every good
That fills our souls with love.

Oh! let us raise a holier strain,
For blessings great as ours;
And be prepar'd, while angels guard
Us through our slumb'ring hours.

Oh! may we sleep and wake in joy,
While life with us remains;
And then go home beyond the tomb,
Where peace for ever reigns.

HYMN 207. L. M.

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under the shadow of thy wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The sins that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

Oh! may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

May he celestial joys rehearse,
And thought in thought with me converse,
Or, in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To see thy face, to sing thy love.

Oh! when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 208. L. M.

Great God! to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh! let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

And yet this thoughtless wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord; his name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

With hope in him mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN 209. C. M.

Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Oh! may I never sin.

And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

HYMN 210. S. M.

The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

We lay our garments by,
While we retire to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh! may we in thy kingdom rest,
Where all is peace and love.

FAREWELL HYMNS.

HYMN 211. P. M.

Adieu, my dear brethren, adieu,
Reluctant we give you the hand,
No more to assemble with you,
Till we on mount Zion shall stand.

Your acts of benevolence past,
Your gentle compassionate love,
Henceforth in our mem'ry shall last,
Though far from your sight we remove.

Our hearts swell with tender regret,
And sigh at each parting embrace,
While heaven our course must direct,
And others succeed in our place.

When journeying the gospel to preach,
Our course among strangers we steer,
Repentance and faith we will teach
To all that are willing to hear.

O, shepherd of Israel, draw near,
Thy glorious presence display,
Our parting reflections to cheer,
And help us thy voice to obey.

Help us to refrain from each ill,
Press forward for glory and peace,
Our sacred engagements fulfil,
Till thou shalt command our release.

Then may we to Zion repair,
And wait our blest Master to see,
To spend the Millennium there,
From sin and from sorrow set free.

How cheerful the thoughts of that rest,
With Jesus our Saviour to reign,
Till we shall be chang'd with the blest,
And glory celestial obtain.

HYMN 212. P. M.

Farewell, our friends and brethren!
Here, take the parting hand—
We go to preach the gospel
To ev'ry foreign land.

Farewell our wives and children,
Who render life so sweet—

Dry up your tears—be faithful
Till we again do meet.

Farewell, ye scenes of childhood.
And fancies of our youth;
We go to combat error
With everlasting truth.

Farewell all carnal pleasure,
Which gilds the scenes of mirth,
Your days are surely number'd
To trouble man on earth.

Farewell, farewell our country—
Our *home* is now abroad,
To labour in the vineyard,
In righteousness for God.

The gallant ships are ready
To waft us o'er the sea,
To gather up the blessed,
That Zion may be free.

HYMN 213. P. M.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood or stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of light deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:

Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 214. P. M.

How often in sweet meditation, my mind,
Where solitude reigned, and aside from mankind,
Has dwelt on the hour, when the Saviour did deign
To call me his servant to publish his name.

To lift up my voice and proclaim the glad news,
First unto the Gentiles and then to the Jews;
That Jesus, Messiah, in clouds will descend,
Destroy the ungodly, the righteous defend.

How rich is the treasure, ye servants of God,
Entrusted to us, as made known by his word;
The plan of salvation, the gospel of grace,
To publish abroad unto Adam's lost race.

Oh! gladly we'll go the isles and proclaim;
And nations unknown then shall hear of his fame:

Ye kingdoms, and countries, both Gentiles and Jews,
Shall see us, and hear us proclaim the glad news.

And millions shall turn to the Lord and rejoice,
That they have made Jesus, the Saviour, their choice;
From north and the south, from the east and the west,
We'll bring home our thousands in Zion to rest.

As clouds see them fly to their glorious home,
As doves to their windows in flocks see them come,
While empires shall tremble, and kingdoms shall rend,
And thrones be cast down as wise Daniel proclaim'd.

And Israel shall flourish and spread far abroad,
Till earth shall be full of the knowledge of God;
And thus shall the stone of the mountain roll forth—
Extend its dominion, and fill the whole earth.

HYMN 215. C. M.

The gallant ship is under weigh,
To bear me off to sea,
And yonder float the streamers gay,
That says she waits for me.
The seamen dip their ready oar,
As ebbing waves oft tell—
They bear me swiftly from the shore:
My native land—farewell.

I go, but not to plough the main,
To ease a restless mind,
Nor do I toil on battle's plain,
The victor's wreath to twine,
'Tis not for treasures that are hid
In mountain or in dell!
'Tis not for joys like these I bid
My native land—farewell.

I go to break the fowler's snare,
To gather Israel home:
I go the name of Christ to bear
In lands and isles unknown:
And when my pilgrim feet shall tread
On land where darkness dwells,
Where light and truth have long since fled,
My native land—farewell.

I go, an erring child of dust,
Ten thousand foes among;
Yet on this mighty arm I trust
That makes the feeble strong—
My sun, my shield, for ever nigh,
He will my fears dispel:
This hope supports me when I sigh—
My native land—farewell.

I go devoted to his cause,
And to his will resign'd:
His presence will supply the loss
Of all I leave behind:
His promise cheers the sinking heart,
And lights the darkest cell,
To exil'd pilgrims grace imparts—
My native land—farewell.

I go because my master calls;
He's made my duty plain—
No danger can the heart appal
When Jesus stoops to reign!
And now the vessel's side we've gain'd
The sails their bosoms swell:
Thy beauties in the distance fade—
My native land—farewell.

HYMN 216. P.M.

Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes, I love them well—
Friends, connexions, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in distant lands to dwell?

Home! thy joys are passing lovely;
Joys no stranger heart can tell;
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee,
Can I—can I say farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in distant lands to dwell?

Holy scenes of joy and gladness
Every fond emotion swell;
Can I banish heartfelt sadness
While I bid my home farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in distant lands to dwell?

Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well,
Far away, ye billows, bear me,
Lovely, native land—farewell!
Pleas'd I leave thee,
Far in distant lands to dwell.

In the deserts let me labour,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten
Far in distant lands to dwell!

Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell,
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell!

HYMN 217. L. M.

Farewell, my kind and faithful friend—
The partner of my early youth,
While from my home my steps I bend,
To warn mankind and teach the truth.

How oft in silent evening mild,
I to some lonely place retire—
Thy love and kindness call to mind,
Then lift a voice in humble prayer.

O Lord, extend thine arms of love,
Around the partner of my heart,

For thou hast spoken from above,
And call'd me with my all to part.

Preserve her soul in perfect peace.
From sickness, sorrow and distress,
Until our pilgrimage shall cease,
And we on Zion's hill shall rest.

How gladly would my soul retire
With thee to spend a peaceful life,
In some sequester'd humble vale,
Far from the scenes of noise and strife.

Where men should grieve our souls no more,
Nor rage of sin disturb our peace;
Our troubles, toils and sufferings o'er,
Their lies and persecution cease.

PART SECOND.

But lo! the harvest wide extends—
The fields are white o'er all the plain—
The tares in bundles must be bound,
While we with care secure the grain.

Shall we repine when Jesus calls,
Or count the sacrifice too great,
To spend our lives as pilgrims here,
Or lose them for the gospel's sake.

When Jesus Christ has done the same,
Without a place to lay his head,
A pilgrim on the earth he came,
Until for us his blood was shed.

Shall we behold the nations doom'd
To sword and famine, blood and fire,
Yet not the least exertion make,
But from the scene in peace retire?

No; while his love for me extends,
The pattern makes my duty plain—
I'll sound to earth's remotest ends,
His gospel to the sons of men!

Farewell, my kind and faithful friend,
Until we meet on earth again—
For soon our pilgrimage shall end,
And the Messiah come to reign.

HYMN 218. P. M.

Adieu to the city, where long I have wander'd
To tell them of judgments and warn them to flee;
How often in sorrow, their woes I have ponder'd,
Perhaps in affliction, they'll think upon me.

With a tear of compassion, in silence retiring,
The last ray of hope for your safety expiring;
A feeling of pity this bosom inspiring—
Sing this lamentation and think upon me.

How often at evening your halls have resounded
With th' pure testimony of Jesus so free;
While the meek were rejoicing, the proud were confounded,
The poor had the gospel;—they'll think upon me.

When empires shall tremble at Israel's returning,
And earth shall be cleans'd by the Spirit of burning;
When proud men shall perish, and priests with their learning,—
Sing this lamentation, and think upon me.

When the union is sever'd, and liberty's blessings
Withheld from the sons of Columbia, once free;
When bloodshed and war, and famine distress them,
Remember the warning, and think upon me.

When this mighty city shall crumble to ruin,
And sink as a millstone, the merchants undoing;
The ransom'd the highway of Zion pursuing,—
Sing this lamentation, and think upon me.

HYMN 219. L. M.

Keep these few lines till time shall end,
In memory of your absent friend,
Who wanders o'er life's boisterous wave,
The meek, the humble poor to save.

While I endure I'll spend my breath
In prayer for those who love the truth;
In distant lands I'll call to mind
My true and faithful friends so kind.

Let these few lines adorn the place
Where you retire to seek his grace;
Then lift your voice in humble prayer
For him whose lines are hanging there.

HYMN 220. L. M.

Farewell, ye servants of the Lord,
To whom we oft have preach'd the word;

May you improve the wisdom given,
And lead ten thousand souls to heaven.

Farewell, ye saints of latter days,
With whom we've met in prayer and praise,
In whose kind hearts the truth has shone,
By which we're gather'd all in one.

Farewell kind friends whose hearts are true,
We can no longer stay with you!
Arise, the voice of truth obey,
Oh! come, and wash your sins away.

Farewell to all whose stubborn wills
Bind them in chains of darkness still;
Our voice no longer you shall hear
Till Jesus shall in clouds appear.

Then you shall see, and hear, and know,
What you rejected here below;
Though you may sink in endless pain.
Yet truth eternal will remain.

HYMN 221. 6-7's

When shall we all meet again?
When shall we our rest obtain?
When our pilgrimage be o'er—
Parting sighs be known no more?

When mount Zion we regain,
There may we all meet again.

We to foreign climes repair,
Truth's the message which we bear;
Truth which angels oft have borne,
Truth to comfort those who mourn,
Truth eternal will remain:
On its rock we'll meet again.

Now the bright and morning star
Spreads its glorious light afar,—
Kindles up the rising dawn
Of that bright Millennial morn,
When the saints shall rise and reign
In the clouds we'll meet again.

When the sons of Israel come,
When they build Jerusalem,
When the house of God is rear'd,
And Messiah's way prepar'd;
When from heaven he comes to reign,
There may we all meet again.

When the earth is cleans'd by fire,
When the wicked's hopes expire;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Proud oppressors all are laid,
Long will Zion's mount remain,
There may we all meet again.

HYMN 222. 10's & 11's.

To leave my dear friends, and from neighbours to part,
And go from my home it afflicts my poor heart—
With the thoughts of absenting myself far away,
From the house of my God where I've chosen to pray.

But Jesus doth call me a message to bear,
To kingdoms, and countries, and islands afar;
His presence will bless me and be with me there,
His spirit inspire me, in answer to prayer.

Then why should I linger with fondest desire
O'er home and the raptures its comforts inspire?
For sweeter, oh, sweeter, the message I bear
To comfort the mourner in answer to prayer.

Dear friends, I must leave you, and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotion in parts that are new;
But still I'll remember in pilgrimage there
The joys that we tasted in answer to prayer.

How oft when the day's busy bustle has closed,
And nature lies sleeping in silent repose.
To some lone retreat I will fondly repair,
Remember my kindred, and pray for them there.

HYMN 223. 4-6's & 2-8's.

When time shall be no more
Its joys and sorrows fled—
When all its cares are o'er
And number'd with the dead,
Unveil'd eternal truth shall shine
In its own image all divine.

The saints in robes of light
Shall walk the golden street—
Shall bow before his throne,
Or worship at his feet—
Shall sit on thrones, exalted high,
Enthron'd in might and majesty.

Oh! sinner wouldst thou stand
In that blest company?
Obey the Lord's command,
And from thy sins be free,
I shall be there and look for thee—
Farewell! till then, remember me.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 224. P.M.

An angel came down from the mansions of glory,
And told that a record was hid in Cumorah,
Containing the fulness of Jesus's gospel,
And also the cov'nant to gather his people.
O Israel! O Israel;
In all your abidings,
Prepare for your Lord
When you hear these glad tidings.

A heavenly treasure, a book full of merit,
It speaks from the dust by the power of the Spirit;
A voice from the Saviour that saints can rely on,
To watch for the day when he brings again Zion;
O Israel! O Israel;
In all your abidings,
Prepare for your Lord
When you hear these glad tidings.

Listen, O isles, and give ear every nation,
For great things await you in this generation,
The kingdom of Jesus in Zion shall flourish,
The righteous will gather, the wicked must perish.
O Israel! O Israel!
In all your abidings,
Prepare for your Lord
When you hear the glad tidings.

HYMN 225. L. M.

Before this earth from chaos sprung,
Or morning stars together sung,
Jehovah saw what would take place
In all the vast extent of place.

He spoke! this world to order came;
And men he made lords of the same;
Great things to them he did make known,
Which should take place in days to come.

To holy men minutely told,
What future ages would unfold;
Scenes God had purpos'd should take place,
Down to the last of Adam's race.

But we will pass these ancients by
Who spoke and wrote by prophecy,

Until we come to him of old,
E'en Joseph whom his brethren sold.

He prophesied of this our day,
That God would unto Israel say,
The gospel light you now shall see,
And from your bondage be set free.

He said God would raise up a seer,
The hearts of Jacob's sons to cheer,
And gather them again in bands,
In latter days upon their lands.

He likewise did foretell the name
That should be given to the same;
His and his father's should agree,
And both like his should Joseph be.

This seer like Moses should obtain
The word of God for man again:
A spokesman God would him prepare,
His word when written to declare.

According to his holy plan
The Lord has now rais'd up the man,
His latter-day work to begin,
To gather scatter'd Israel in.

This seer shall be esteemed high,
By Joseph's remnants by and by,

He is the man who's call'd to raise.
And lead Christ's church in these last days.

The keys which Peter did receive,
To rear a kingdom God to please,
Have once more been conferr'd on man,
To bring about Jehovah's plan.

The key of knowledge long since lost,
Has virtue still as at the first,
To bring to life things of great worth,
And thus with knowledge fill the earth.

Then none need to his neighbour say,
Know thou the Lord, this is the way,
For all shall know him who shall stand,
Both old and young in all the land.

Now let the saints both far and near,
And scatter'd Israel when they hear
This news, rejoice in Israel's God,
And sing and praise his name aloud.

HYMN 226. D. L. M.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer *Nay:*

I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I know not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd: not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all: he bless'd it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock;—his strength was gone;
The heedless water mock'd his thirst,
He heard it, saw it, hurrying on:
I ran and rais'd the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
Dipt and return'd it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night, the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof:

I warm'd, I cloth'd, I cheer'd my guest,
I laid him on my couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I rous'd his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd;
I had myself a wound conceal'd,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next,—condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honour'd him midst shame and scorn:
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd—if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free Spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
The Saviour stood before mine eyes;

He spake—and my poor name he named.—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed,
"These deeds shall thy memorial be;
"Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

HYMN 227. P. M.

Come, all ye sons of Zion,
And let us praise the Lord;
His ransom'd are returning,
According to his word,
In sacred songs and gladness,
They walk the narrow way,
And thank the Lord who brought them
To see the latter day.

Come, ye dispers'd of Judah,
Join in the theme and sing,
With harmony unceasing,
The praises of your King,
Whose arm is now extended
(On which the world may gaze)
To gather up the righteous,
In these the latter days.

Rejoice, rejoice, O Israel!
And let your joys abound;
The voice of God shall reach you
Wherever you are found.

And call you back from bondage,
That you may sing his praise,
In Zion and Jerusalem
In these, the latter days.

Then gather up for Zion,
Ye saints throughout the land,
And clear the way before you,
As God shall give command:
Though wicked men and devils
Exert their power, 'tis vain,
Since him who is eternal
Has said you shall obtain.

HYMN 228. 6-7's.

Earth, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Heaven's infinite expanse,
Ocean's resplendent countenance—
All around, and all above,
Hath this record—God is love.

Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirr'd—
Sacred songs, beneath, above,
Have one chorus—God is love.

All the hopes that sweetly start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the bliss that ever comes
To our earthly human homes—
All the voices from above,
Sweetly whisper—God is love.

HYMN 229. P. M.

Guide us, O thou great Jehovah,
Saints unto the promis'd land;
We are weak, but thou art able,
Hold us with thy powerful hand:
Holy Spirit,
Feed us till the Saviour comes.

Open, Jesus, Zion's fountains;
Let her richest blessings come;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Guard us to this holy home.
Great Redeemer,
Bring, oh! bring the welcome day!

When the earth begins to tremble
Bid our fearful thoughts be still;
When thy judgments spread destruction,
Keep us safe on Zion's hill,
Singing praises,
Songs of glory unto thee.

HYMN 230. P. M.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said?
You who unto Jesus for refuge hath fled.

In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, so thy succour shall be.

"Fear not, I am with thee; oh! be not dismay'd;
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow,
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

"E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then when grey hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs shall they still in my bosom be borne.

"The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never—no, never, no never forsake!"

HYMN 231. P. M.

How pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree;
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathising heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
The oil through all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes and blest his feet.

Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

HYMN 232. P. M.

How pleas'd and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day;"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We'll haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace
And walls of strength embrace thee round!
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

May peace attend thy gates,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!
For here my friends and kindred dwell:"
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

HYMN 233. L. M.

Know then that ev'ry soul is free,
To choose his life and what he'll be;
For this eternal truth is given,
That God will force no man to heaven.

He'll call, persuade, direct him right;
Bless him with wisdom, love, and light
In nameless ways be good and kind;
But never force the human mind.

Freedom and reason make us men;
Take these away, what are we then?
Mere animals, and just as well,
The beasts may think of heaven or hell.

May we no more our powers abuse,
But ways of truth and goodness choose;
Our God is pleas'd when we improve
His grace, and seek his perfect love,

'Tis my free will for to believe;
'Tis God's free will me to receive:
To stubborn willers this I'll tell
'Tis all free grace and all free will.

Those that despise, grow harder still
Those that adhere he turns their will;
And thus despisers sink to hell,
While those that hear in glory dwell.

But if we take the downward road,
And make in hell our last abode,
Our God is clear, and we shall know
We've plung'd ourselves in endless woe.

HYMN 234. L.M.

The great and glorious Gospel light
Has usher'd forth unto my sight,
Which in my soul I have receiv'd,
From death and bondage being freed.

With saints below, and saints above,
I'll join to praise the God I love;
Like Enoch, too, I will proclaim
A loud hosannah to his name.

Hosannah! let the echo fly
From pole to pole, from sky to sky;
And saints and angels join to sing,
Till all eternity shall ring.

Hosannah! let the voice extend,
Till time shall cease and have an end,
Till all the throngs of heaven above
Shall join the saints in songs of love.

Hosannah! let the trump of God
Proclaim his wonders far abroad;
And earth, and air, and skies, and seas,
Conspire to sound aloud his praise.

HYMN 235. L. M.

The happy day has rolled on,
The glorious period now has come;
The angel sure has come again
To introduce Messiah's reign.

The Gospel trump again is heard,
The truth from darkness has appear'd;
The lands which long in darkness lay
Have now beheld a glorious day.

The day by prophets long foretold,
The day which Abraham did behold;
The day that saints desired so long,
When God his strange work would perform.

The day when saints again shall hear
The voice of Jesus in their ear,
And angels who above do reign
Come down to converse hold with men.

HYMM 236. 4-8's & 2-6's.

The Lord unto his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes,
The lilies grow and thrive;

Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.

This makes the dry and barren ground
In springs of water to abound,
And fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
Come, taste and see the pardon free,
To all mankind as well as me;
Who come to Christ may live.

The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour, pitiful and kind,
Who will them all relieve:
None are too late if they repent,
Out of one sinner legions went:
Jesus did him receive.

Come, brethren, you that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesu's ways go on;

Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne.
From Jesu's throne on high:
It comes like floods, we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply:
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.

There we shall reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home!
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

HYMN 237. P. M.

The Spirit of God like a fire is burning;
The latter day glory begins to come forth;

The visions and blessings of old are returning;
The angels are coming to visit the earth,
We'll sing and we'll shout with the armies of heaven,
Hosannah, hosannah to God and the Lamb!
Let glory to them in the highest be given,
Henceforth and forever: amen and amen!

The Lord is extending the saints' understanding—
Restoring their judges and all as at first:
The knowledge and power of God are expanding:
The veil o'er the earth is beginning to burst
We'll sing and we'll shout, &c.

We call in our solemn assemblies in spirit,
To spread forth the kingdom of heaven abroad,
That we through our faith may begin to inherit
The visions, and blessings, and glories of God.
We'll sing and we'll shout, &c.

We'll wash, and be wash'd, and with oil be anointed,
Withal not omitting the washing of feet;

For he that receiveth his penny appointed,
Must surely be clean at the harvest of wheat,
We'll sing and we'll shout, &c.

Old Israel, that fled from the world for his freedom,
Must come with the cloud and the pillar amain;
A Moses, and Aaron, and Joshua lead him,
And feed him on manna from heaven again.
We'll sing and we'll shout, &c.

How blessed the day when the lamb and the lion
Shall lie down together without any ire;
And Ephraim be crown'd with his blessing in Zion,
As Jesus descends with his chariots of fire!
We'll sing and we'll shout with the armies of heaven;
Hosannah, hosannah to God and the Lamb!
Let glory to them in the highest be given,
Henceforth and forever; amen and amen!

HYMN 238. P. M.

The sun that declines in the far western sky,
Has roll'd o'er our heads till the summer's gone by;

And hush'd are the notes of the warblers of spring,
That in the green bow'r did exultingly spring.

The changes for autumn already appear;
A harvest of plenty has crown'd the glad year:
While soft smiling zephyrs, our fancies to please,
Bring odours of joy from the laden fruit trees.

As the summer of youth passes swiftly along,
And silvery locks soon our temples adorn.
So the fair smiling landscape and flowery lawn,
Though lost in their beauty their glory has come.

Oh! when the sweet summer of life shall have fled,
Her joys and her sorrows entomb'd with the dead,
Then may we, by faith, like good Enoch arise,
And be crown'd with the just in the midst of the skies.

Descend with the Saviour in glory profound,
And reign in perfection when Satan is bound;
While love and sweet union together shall blend,
And peace, gentle pence, like a river extend.

HYMN 239. L. M.

The cities of Zion soon shall rise
In majesty amid the skies,
Attract the gaze and wond'ring eyes
Of all that worship gloriously.

The saints shall see those cities stand
Upon this consecrated land,
And Israel, numerous as the sand,
Inherit them eternally.

Oh! that the day would hasten on,
When wickedness shall all be gone,
And saints and angels join in one,
To praise the Man of Holiness.

Then shall the veil of heaven rend,
And the Son Aw-Man will descend,
A vast eternity to spend
In perfect peace and righteousness.

Exalt the name of Zion's God,
Praise ye his name in songs aloud;
Proclaim his majesty abroad,
Ye banner-bearing messengers.

Cry to the nations far and near
To come and in the glories share
That on mount Zion will appear,
When earth shall rest from wickedness.

HYMN 240. P. M.

There's a feast of fat things for the righteous preparing,
That the good of this world all the saints may be sharing;
For the harvest is ripe, and the reapers have learn'd
To gather the wheat, that the tares may be burn'd.
Come to the supper—come to the supper—
Come to the supper of the great bridegroom.

Go forth all ye servants unto every nation,
And lift up your voices and make proclamation
For to cease from all evil, and leave off all mirth,
For the Saviour is coming to reign on the earth.
Come to the supper, &c.

Go set forth the judgments to come and the sorrow,
For after to-day, oh! there cometh to-morrow,

When the wicked, ungodly, rebellious, and proud,
Shall be burnt up as stubble—oh! cry it aloud.
Come to the supper, &c.

Go pass throughout Europe and Asia's dark regions,
To China's far shores, and to Afric's black legions,
And proclaim to all people as you're passing by,
The fig-trees are leaving—the summer is nigh.
Come to the supper, &c.

Go call on the great men of fame and of power,
The king on his throne, and the brave in his tower,
And inform them all kingdoms must fail but the one,
As clear as the moon and as fair as the sun.
Come to the supper, &c.

Go cry to all quarters, and then to the islands,
To Gentiles and Jews, and proclaim to the heathens,

And exclaim to old Israel in every land,
Repent ye!—the kingdom of heaven's at hand.
Come to the supper, &c.

Go carry glad tidings, that none need doubt whether,
The lamb and the lion shall lie down together,
For the venom will cease when the devil is bound,
And peace like a river, extend the world round.
Come to the supper, &c.

Go publish the gospel, the truth of the Saviour,
That the poor and the meek may begin to find favour,
And rejoice in their coming Redeemer and friend;
And lo! he is with you henceforth to the end.
Come to the supper, &c.

Oh! go and invite them, regardless of trouble
The rich and the learned, the wise and the noble,
That the guests may be ready when Jesus shall come,
To welcome for ever the holy bridegroom.
Come to the supper, &c.

Go gather the willing, and push them together,
Yea, push them to Zion (the saints' rest for ever)
Where the best that the heavens and earth can afford,
Will grace the great marriage and feast of the Lord.
Come to the supper, &c.

Go welcome his people, let nothing preclude you.
Come Joseph, and Simeon, and Reuben, and Judah,
Come Napthali, Issachar, Levi, and Dan,
Gad, Zebulon, Asher, and come Benjamin.
Come to the supper, &c.

Be faithful and just to the end of your calling,
Till Bab'lon the great—she is fallen! is fallen!
Then return and receive the just servant's reward,
And sit down to the feast of the house of the Lord.
Come to the supper—come to the supper—
Come to the supper WITH the great bridegroom.

HYMN 241. P, M.

This land was once a glorious place,
With all its verdure common;
And men did live a holy race,
And worship Jesus face to face,
In Aahdam-ondi-Ahman.

We read that Enoch walked with God,
Above the power of Mammon;
While Zion spread herself abroad,
And saints and angels sang aloud
In Aahdam-ondi-Ahman.

Her land was good and greatly blest,
Above old Israel's Canaan;
Her fame was known from east to west;
Her peace was great, and pure the rest
Of Aahdam-ondi-Ahman.

Hosanna to such days to come—
The Saviour's second coming—
When all the earth in glorious bloom,
Affords the saints a holy home,
Like Aahdam-ondi-Ahman.

HYMN 242. P. M.

Though in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow;

Jesus, ere long, will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up,
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here;
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How much among the wheat they grew?

No! this will aggravate their case,
They perish'd under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes
Each heart appears without disguise.

The tares are spread for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends:
Others the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil.

But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long:
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

Oh! awful thought, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
For me that harvest, Lord, prepare.

HYMN 243. P. M.

What fair one is this, from the wilderness trav'lling,
Looking for Christ, the belov'd of her heart?
Oh! this is the church, the fair bride of the Saviour,
Which with every idol is willing to part.
While men in contention are constantly howling,
And Babylon's bells are continually tolling,
As though all the craft of her merchants was failing,
And Jesus was coming to reign on the earth.

There is a sweet sound in the gospel of heaven,
And people are joyful when they understand,
The saints on their way home to glory are even
Determin'd by goodness to reach the blest land.
Old formal professors are crying "delusion,"
And high-minded hypocrites say "tis confusion,"

While grace is poured out in a blessed effusion,
And saints are rejoicing to see priest-craft fall.

A blessing, a blessing, the Saviour is coming,
As prophets and pilgrims of old have declar'd,
And Israel, the favour'd of God, is beginning
To come to the feast for the righteous prepar'd.
In the desert are fountains continually springing,
The heavenly music of Zion is ringing;
The saints all their tithes and their off'rings are bringing,
They thus prove the Lord, and his blessing receive.

The name of Jehovah is worthy of praising,
And so is the Saviour an excellent theme;
The elders of Israel a standard are raising,
And call on all nations to come to the same:
These elders go forth and the gospel are preaching,
And all that will hear them they freely are teaching,
And thus is the vision of Daniel fulfilling,
The stone of the mountain will soon fill the earth.

HYMN 244. P. M.

When Joseph his brethren beheld,
Afflicted and trembling with fear,
His heart with compassion was fill'd,
From weeping he could not forbear.

Awhile his behaviour was rough,
To bring their past sins to their mind;
But when they were humbl'd enough
He hasten'd to show himself kind.

How little they thought it was he
Whom they had ill-treated and sold!
How great their confusion must be
As soon as his name he had told!

"I am Joseph, your brother," he said,
"And still to my heart you are dear;
You sold me and thought I was dead,
But God, for your sakes, sent me here."

Though greatly distressed before,
When charg'd with purloining the cup,
They now were confounded much more,
Not one of them dar'd to look up.

"Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
Forgive us the evil we did?
And will he our households maintain?
O, this is a brother indeed!"

HYMN 245. L. M.

When restless on my bed I lie,
Still courting sleep, which still will fly,
Then shall reflection's brighter power
Illume the lone and midnight hour.

If hush'd the breeze, and calm the tide.
Soft will the stream of mem'ry glide,
And all the past, a gentle train,
Wak'd by remembrance, live again.

If loud the wind, the tempest high,
And darkness wraps the sullen sky,
I muse on life's tempestuous sea,
And sigh, O Lord, to come to thee.

Toss'd on the deep and swelling wave,
Oh! mark my trembling soul and save!
Give to my view that harbour near,
Where thou wilt chase each grief and fear.

HYMN 246. C. M.

Hark! listen to the trumpeters,
They sound for volunteers;
On Zion's bright and flowery mount
Behold the officers.

Their horses white, their armour bright,
With courage bold they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march to Zion's land.

It sets my heart all in a flame
A soldier for to be;
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.

We want no cowards in our bands
That will our colours fly;
We call for valiant-hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.

To see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear;
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war.

They follow their great General,
The great eternal Lamb,

His garments stain'd in his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.

The trumpets sound, the armies shout,
They drive the hosts of hell;
How dreadful is our God t' adore;
The great Emmanuel!

Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,
The eternal Son of God;
And march with us to Zion's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
Where fruits immortal grow,
With angels all array'd in white,
And our Redeemer know.

We'll shout and sing for evermore
In that eternal world;
While Satan and his army too
Shall down to hell be hurl'd.

Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh;
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound
That shakes the earth and sky.

In fiery chariots we shall rise,
And leave the world on fire,
And all surround the throne of love,
And join the heav'nly choir.

HYMN 247 P. M.

The pure testimony pour'd forth in the spirit,
Cuts like a keen two-edged sword;
And hypocrites now are most sorely tormented
Because they're condemned by the word.
The pure testimony discovers the dross,
While wicked professors make light of the cross,
But Babylon trembles for fear of her loss.

Is not the time come for the church to be gather'd
Into the one Spirit of God?
Baptiz'd by one spirit into the one body,
Partaking Christ's flesh and his blood?
They drank in one spirit, which makes them all see
They're one in Christ Jesus wherever they be,
The Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free.

Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testimony,
And let the world hear it again!
O come ye from Babylon, Egypt, and Sodom,
And make your way over the plain;
And gird on your armour, ye saints of the Lord,
For Christ will direct you by his living word,
The pure testimony will cut like a sword.

The great prince of darkness is mustering his forces,
To make you his prisoners again,
By flatteries, reproaches, and vile persecution,
That you in his cause may remain:
But shun his temptations wherever they lay,
And mind not his servants whatever they say,
The pure testimony will give you the day.

The world will not persecute those who are like them.
But hold them the same as their own:
The pure testimony cries up, separation,
And calls you your lives to lay down,
Come out from their spirit and practices too,
The track of your Saviour keep still in your view,
The pure testimony will cut the way thro.'

A battle is coming between the two kingdoms,
The armies are gathering round;
The pure testimony and vile persecution
Will come to close battle ere long:
Then wash all your robes in the blood of the Lamb,
And walk in the spirit as Jesus has done;
In pure testimony you will overcome.

HYMN 248. L. M.

Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful words declare to thee,
That "as thy day thy strength shall be."

Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engaged by firm decree,
That "as thy day thy strength shall be."

Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That "as thy day thy strength shall be."

If faith is weak and foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long,

Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For " as thy day thy strength shall be."

When call'd to bear the weighty cross
Of sore affliction pain or loss,
Or deep distress or poverty,
Still " as thy day thy strength shall be."

When ghastly death appears in view.
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes thy spirit to set free,
And " as thy day thy strength shall be."

HYMN 249. P. M.

Daniel's wisdom may I know;
Stephen's faith and patience show;
John's divine compassion feel;
Moses' meekness; Joshua's zeal;
Run like the unwearied Paul,
Win the prize, and conquer all.

Mary's love may I possess;
Lydia's tender-heartedness;
Peter's ardent spirit feel;
James's faith by works reveal;
Like young Timothy, may I
Every sinful passion fly.

Job's submission let me show;
David's true devotion know;
Samuel's call, oh! may I hear;
Lazarus's happy portion share!
Let Isaiah's hallow'd fire
All my new-born soul inspire

Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer;
Gideon's valiant stedfast care;
Joseph's purity impart:
Isaac's meditative heart;
Abraham's friendship—let me prove
Faithful to the God of love.

Most of all, may I pursue
That example Jesus drew;
In my life and conduct show
How he lived and walked below;
Day by day, through grace bestow'd,
Imitate my dearest Lord.

Then shall I these worthies meet,
With them bow at Jesu's feet,
With them praise the God of love,
With them share the joys above,
With them range the blissful shore.
Meet them all to part no more.

T

HYMN, 250. L. M.

When Joseph saw his brethren moved
With keenest sorrow and distress,
He could no longer hide his love,
His warm emotions more suppress.

The mystery he did unfold,
Then fell upon their necks in tears:
I am your brother whom ye sold,
Dismiss your doubts, dispel your fears.

'Twas God that sent me by command,
To save you from the famine sore,
To bring you into Egypt's land,
Where you shall never hunger more.

What mingl'd feelings seized their breasts,
Surprise and grief, and joy and love,
And shame, and sorrow, and distress
Alternate did their feelings move.

Lo! this a lively type shall be
Of Joseph's remnant long unknown,
The Gentiles shall their glory see,
When to their brethren they're made known

A curse, a bye-word long they've been,
Afflicted by the Gentile race,
Plunder'd and driven, sold and slain,
Or brought to shame and deep disgrace.

But lo! their origin reveal'd,
Brings blessings on the Gentile world,
Their ancient records, long conceal'd,
Are like a banner now unfurl'd.

HYMN 251. C. M.

Ye wond'ring nations, now give ear
Unto the angel's cry,
For lo; from heaven he has appear'd,
To bring salvation nigh.

He's brought the ancient records forth,
Unloos'd the mighty seal,
His glory now shall fill the earth,
And wondrous things reveal.

The things of worth in ages gone
From slumber it unfolds,
And things to come, now rolling on,
The wise may now behold.

Its opening wonders burst to view,
All glorious and divine,

Point out the path that men pursue,
Down to the end of time.

The meek and humble shall rejoice,
The wise shall understand,
All Israel now shall know his voice,
And gather to their land.

HYMN 252. C. M.

I saw a mighty angel fly,
To earth he bent his way,
A message bearing from on high,
To cheer the sons of day.

Truth is the tidings which he bears,
The gospel's joyful sound,
To calm our doubts, to chase our fears,
And make our joys abound.

He cries, and with a mighty voice,
Ye nations lend an ear;
And isles and continents rejoice,
The great Redeemer's near.

He cries, let every tongue attend,
And thrones and empires all,
Fear God, and make the King your friend,
The King—the Lord of all.

Fear God, and worship him who made
The heavens, earth, and sea,
Fear him on whom your sins were laid,
Who died to make you free.

HYMN 253. P. M.

Go, ye messengers of glory,
Run ye legates of the skies,
Go and tell the pleasing story,
That a glorious angel flies,
Great and mighty,
With a message from the skies,

Go to every tribe and nation,
Visit every land and clime,
Sound to all the proclamation,
Tell to all the truth sublime,
That the gospel
Does in ancient glory shine.

Go! to all the gospel carry,
Let the joyful news abound,
Go! till every nation hear ye,
Jew and Gentile hear the sound:
Let the gospel
Echo all the earth around.

Bearing seed of heavenly virtue,
Scatter it o'er all the earth,
Go! Jehovah will support you,
Gather all the sheaves of worth,
Then with Jesus
Reign with glory on the earth.

HYMN 254. 4-6's & 2-8's.

All hail the glorious day,
By prophets long foretold,
When with harmonious lay,
The sheep of Israel's fold,
On Zion's hill his praise proclaim,
And shout hosanna to his name.

When Israel from afar,
And Judah scatter'd wide,
Shall to their land repair,
And there in peace abide;
Directed by Jehovah's hand,
Shall dwell in peace in Zion's land.

From Zion's heavenly mount,
Shall healing waters flow,
And near this holy fount
Will trees immortal grow,
Whose heavenly balm the kingdoms feel
Whose leaves will all the nations heal,

Jerusalem shall be
Our great Redeemer's throne,
O'er all the earth and sea
His glory be made known;
Nations and kings Messiah greet,
And lay their honours at his feet.

Strike, strike the golden lyre,
And ye, his angels, sing;
Let joy your bosoms fire,
And heaven with glory ring;
From earth, and air, and sea, and skies,
Let the Redeemer's praise arise.

HYMN 255. L. M.

The glorious plan which God has given,
To bring a ruin'd world to heaven,
Was framed in Christ by the new birth,
Was seal'd in heaven, was sealed on earth.

As in the heavens they all agree,
The record's given there by Three,
On earth three witnesses are given,
To lead the sons of earth to heaven.

Jehovah, God the Father's one;
Another, God's eternal Son;

The Spirit does with them agree—
The witnesses in heaven are three.

Nor are we, in the second birth,
Left without witnesses on earth,
To grope, as in eternal night,
About the way to endless light.

Buried beneath the liquid wave,
To know the Spirit's power to save,
And feel the virtue of his blood,
Are witnesses ordain'd of God.

In heaven they all agree in One,
The Father, Spirit, and the Son:
On earth these witnesses agree,
The water, blood, and Spirit, three.

One great connecting link is given
Between the sons of earth and heaven;
The Spirit seals us here on earth,
In heaven records our second birth.

If we, on earth, possess those three,
Mysterious saving unity.
The book of life will record bear,
Our names are surely written there.

HYMN 256. P. M.

Truth reflects upon our senses,
Gospel light reveals to some;
If there still should be offences,
Woe to them by whom they come.

Judge not, that you be not judged,
Was the counsel Jesus gave;
Measure given, large or grudged,
Just the same you must receive.

Jesus says, be meek and holy,
For 'tis high to be a judge;
If I would be pure and holy,
I must love without a grudge.

It requires a constant labour
All his precepts to obey;
If I truly love my neighbour,
I am in the narrow way.

Once I said unto another,
In thine eye there is a mote;
If thou art a friendly brother,
Hold, and let me pull it out.

But I could not see it fairly,
For my sight was very dim;

When I came to search more clearly,
In mine eye there was a beam.

If I love my brother dearer,
And his mote I would erase,
Then the light should shine the clearer,
For the eye's a tender place.

Others I have oft reproved
For an object like a mote;
Now I wish this beam removed,
Oh! that tears would wash it out.

Charity and love is healing,
This will give the clearest sight;
When I saw my brother's failing,
I was not exactly right.

Now I'll take no farther trouble,
Jesu's love is all my theme;
Little motes are but a bubble,
When I think upon the beam.

HYMN 257. P. M.

Stars of morning, shout for joy.
Sing redemption's mystery,
Holy, Holy, Holy, cry,
And praise the Lamb.

Ethiopia, stretch thy hand;
Come ye tribes of every land,
Countless as the ocean's sand,
To praise the Lamb.

Bend thy bow, and come, good Lord;
Send thy Spirit with thy word;
Now revive thy work, O Lord,
Thou bleeding Lamb.

My believing spirit fill—
Faith demands, it is thy will—
All things now are possible;
It shall be done.

Thus may we each moment feel,
Love him, serve him, praise him still,
Till we meet on Zion's hill,
To praise the Lamb.

Saviour, let thy kingdom come;
Now the Man of Sin consume;
Bring the blest millennium,
Exalted Lamb.

HYMN 258. P. M.

Let Judah rejoice in this glorious news,
For the sound of glad tidings will soon reach
the Jews,

And save them far, far from oppression and fear,
And deliv'rance proclaim to their sons far and near.

Long, long thou hast wander'd an exile forlorn, [thee to scorn;
And all that have seen thee have laugh'd
Thou nought but affliction and sorrow hast seen, [has been.
Heart-rending and cheerless thy pathway

In vain 'midst the nations for friends didst thou seek, [cause thou wast weak:
They have robb'd thee, and spoil'd thee be-
No bosom has pitied, no friend has been near,
Thy wo-stricken spirit to comfort and cheer.

But the days of thy mourning are near at an end, [and Friend,
When Messiah will come, thy Redeemer
And cheer thee, and bless thee, and dry up thy tears, [fears.
And calm thy sad bosom, and chase all thy

When Messiah, the sure hope of Israel, will come,
And from islands and continents gather thee home,

Whom thy fathers rejected thy Saviour shall be, [be free.
And will strike off thy fetters and bid thee

Thou shalt from affliction for ever be free;
The sons of oppressors shall bow down to thee, [Jew,
Ten men shall take hold of the skirt of the
And say, "With you we'll go, for Jehovah's with you.

And Israel shall come from his place of retreat, [feet.
And shall worship Messiah, and bow at his
And all Abra'm's seed from the nations shall come, [home.
And shall find in the land of their fathers a

As the sea was once sever'd by Moses's rod,
So again thou shalt witness the power of thy God: [flow,
Thy Moses shall speak and the waters shall
And thy tribes on dry land shall in glory pass through.

Thou shalt build, thou shalt plant, and inhabit and eat, [wheat;
And thy soul shall be fed on the finest of

In the valley of Achor thy herds shall lie down.
Thou shalt be 'midst the nations a plant of renown.

Thy olive shall flourish, thy fig-trees shall grow, [tains shall flow;
And with wine, milk and honey, thy moun-
'Neath the fig-tree and vine, in their cool spreading shade,
Thou shalt worship thy God, and none make thee afraid.

Thy Messiah will come, and his right will maintain,
And o'er thee and all nations in majesty reign;
Thou shalt with his presence for ever be blest, [rest.
And from pain, grief, and sorrow eternally

HYMN 259. L. M.

When earth in bondage long had lain,
And darkness o'er the nations reigned,
And all man's precepts proved in vain,
A perfect system to obtain:

A voice commision'd from on high;
Hark, hark! it is the angel's cry,

Descending from the throne of light,
His garments shining clear and white.

He comes the gospel to reveal
In fulness, to the sons of men;
Lo, from Cumorah's lonely hill,
There comes a record of God's will.

Translated by the power of God
His voice bears record to his word;
Again an angel did appear,
As witnesses do record bear.

Restor'd the priesthood, long since lost,
In truth and power as at the first,
Thus men, commission'd from on high
Came forth and did repentance cry:

Baptizing those who did believe,
That they the spirit might receive,
In fulness as in days of old,
And have one shepherd and one fold.

SECOND PART.

Ye Gentile nations cease your strife,
And listen to the words of life;
Turn from your sins with one accord,
Prepare to meet your coming Lord.

Let Judah's remnants, far and near,
The glorious proclamation hear,
For Israel and the Gentiles too,
The way to Zion shall pursue.

Their voices and their tongues employ
In songs of everlasting joy;
The mountains and the hills rejoice,
Let all creation hear his voice.

From north to south, from east to west,
In thee all nations shall be blest,
When Abram and his seed shall stand
Unnumbered on the promis'd land.

HYMN 260. L. M.

The solid rocks were rent in twain,
When Christ the Lamb of God was slain,
The sun in darkness veil'd his face,
The mountains mov'd and left their place.

And all creation groan'd in pain,
Till the Messiah rose again;
When earth did cease her dreadful groans,
The sun unveil'd his face and shone;

The righteous that were spared alive,
With joy and wonder did believe,

And soon together they conven'd
Conversing on the things they'd seen;

Which had been given for a sign;
When lo! they heard a voice divine,
And as the heavenly voice they heard,
The Lord of glory soon appear'd.

SECOND PART.

With joy and wonder all amaz'd,
Upon their glorious Lord they gaz'd,
And wist not what the vision meant,
But thought it was an angel sent.

While in their midst he smiling stood,
Proclaim'd himself the Son of God;
He said, "Come forth and feel and see,
That you may witness bear of me."

And when they all had felt and seen
Where once the nails and spear had been,
Hosanna they aloud proclaim'd,
And blest and prais'd his holy name.

He then proceeded to make plain
His gospel to the sons of men,
The prophecies he did unfold,
Yea, things that were in days of old.

And every thing that should transpire
Till element should melt with fire—
Commanding them for to record
The sayings of their risen Lord;

That generation should be blest,
And with him in his kingdom rest;
But oh; what scenes of sorrow roll'd
When the future did unfold!

THIRD PART.

Four generations shall not pass
Until they'd turn from righteousness,
The Nephite nation be destroy'd,
The Lamanites reject his word.

The gospel taken from their midst,
The record of their fathers hid,
They dwindle long in unbelief,
And ages pass without relief.

Until the Gentiles from afar
Should smite them in a dreadful war,
And take possession of their land,
And they should have no power to stand.

But as their remnants wander far,
In darkness, sorrow, and despair,

Lo from the earth their record comes
To gather Israel to their homes.

First to the Gentiles 'tis reveal'd,
The prophecy must be fulfill'd;
That they may know and understand
His gospel, and no more contend.

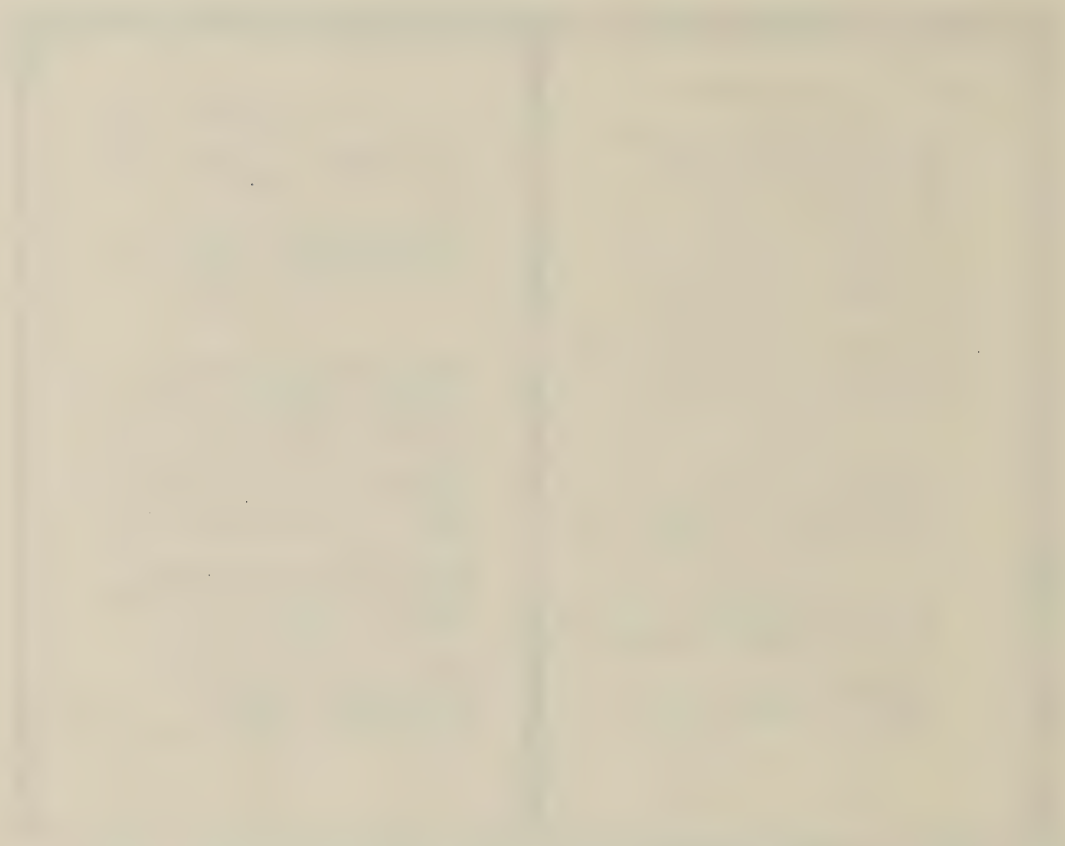
Hear, O ye Gentiles! and repent
To you is this salvation sent;
God to the Gentiles lifts his hand
To gather Israel to their land.

HYMN 261. P. M.

O, who that has search'd in the records of old,
And read the last scenes of distress;
Four-and-twenty were left, who with Mormon beheld,
While their nation lay mould'ring to dust.

The Nephites destroy'd, the Lamanites dwelt
For ages in sorrow unknown;
Generations have pass'd, till the Gentiles at last,
Have divided their lands as their own.

Oh, who that has seen o'er the wide spreading plain,
The Lamanites wander forlorn,



While the Gentiles in pride and oppression divide
The land they could once call their own.

And who that believes does not long for the hour
When sin and oppression shall cease,
And truth, like the rainbow, display through the shower,
That bright written promise of peace.

O! thou afflicted and sorrowful race,
The days of thy sorrow shall end;
The Lord has pronounc'd you a remnant of his,
Descended from Abra'm his friend.

Thy stones with fair colours most glorious shall stand,
And sapphires all shining around;
Thy windows of agates in this glorious land,
And thy gates with carbuncles abound.

With songs of rejoicing to Zion return,
And sorrow and sighing shall flee;
The powers of heaven among ye come down,
And Christ in the centre will be.

And then all the watchmen shall see eye to eye,
When the Lord shall bring Zion again;

The wolf and the kid down together shall lie,
And the lion shall dwell with the lamb.

The earth shall be fill'd with knowledge of God,
And nothing shall hurt or destroy,
And these are the tidings we have to proclaim,
Glad tidings abounding with joy.

HYMN 262. L. M.

Hark! listen to the gentle breeze,
O'er hill or valley, plain or grove,
It whispers in the ears of man,
The voice of freedom, peace and love.

The flowers that bloom o'er all the land,
In harmony and order stand,
Nor hatred, pride, or envy know,
In freedom, peace, and love they grow.

The birds their numerous notes resound,
In songs of praise the earth around,
Their voices and their tongues employ,
In songs of freedom, love, and joy.

And then behold the crystal stream,
With multitudes of fishes teem;

In silent joy they live and move,
In freedom, union, peace, and love.

SECOND PART.

The mountains high, the rivers clear,
Where heaven sheds her dews and tears,
In silence or with gentle roar,
The God of love and peace adore.

The earth and air, and sea and sky,
The holy spirit from on high,
And angels who above do reign,
Cry peace on earth, good will to men.

But most of all a Saviour's love
Was manifested from above;
He died and rose to life again,
Our freedom, love, and peace to gain.

But man, vile man alone seems lost,
With hatred pride and envy toss'd,
His harden'd soul does seldom move
In freedom, union, peace, or love.

For him let all creation mourn;
O'er him did Enoch's bosom yearn,
Till he was promis'd from above,
A day of freedom, peace, and love.

HYMN 263. L. M.

Another day has fled and gone,
The sun declines in western skies,
The birds retired have ceased their song,
Let ours in pure devotion rise.

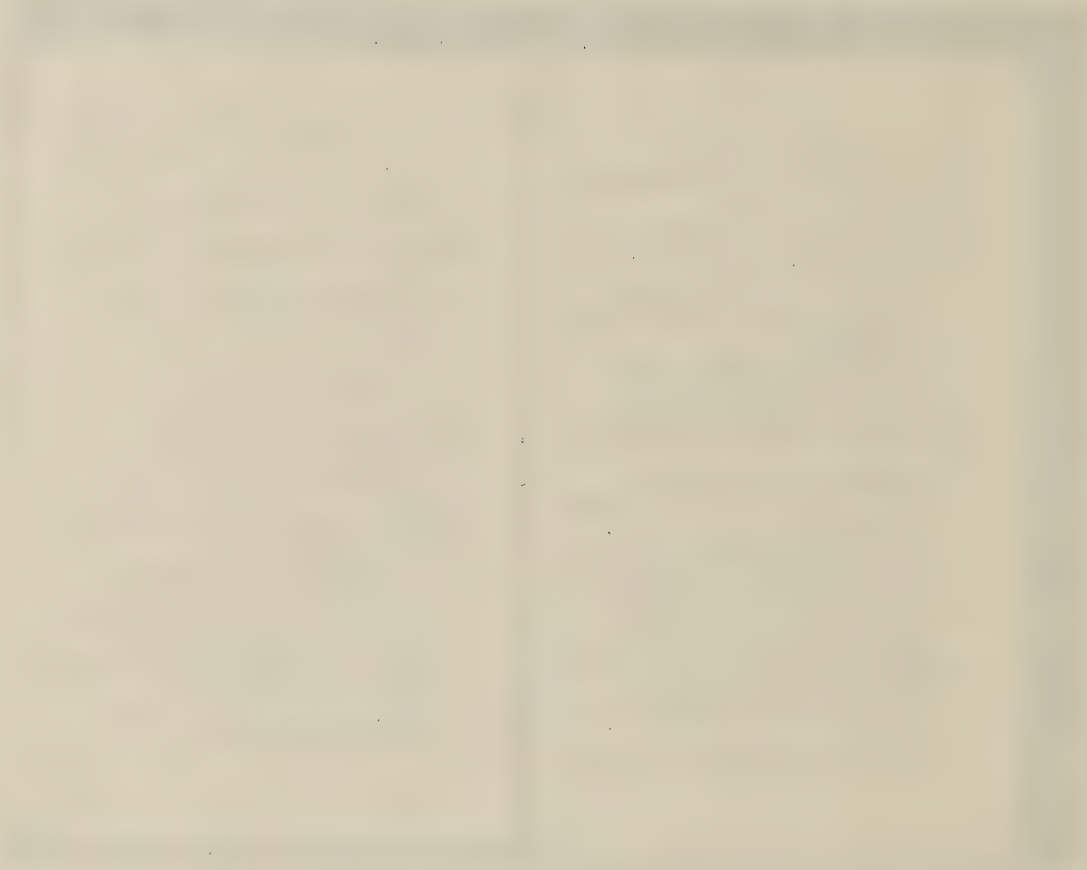
The moon her splendid course resumes,
She sheds her light o'er land and sea;
The gentle dews, in soft perfumes,
Fall sweetly o'er each herb and tree.

While here in meditation sweet,
Those happy hours I call to mind,
When with the saints I oft have met,
Our hearts in pure devotion join'd.

Those friends afar I call to mind,
When shall we meet again below;
Their hearts affectionate and kind,
How did they sooth my grief and woe.

As flow'rets in their brightest bloom,
Are wither'd by the chilling blast,
So man's fond hopes are like a dream,
His days how fleet, how swift they pass.

But cease this melancholy moan,
Nor sigh for those who will not come,



For Israel surely will return
To Zion and Jerusalem.

There is a source of pure delight
For ever shall support my heart;
For Zion's land revealed to sight,
Where saints will meet no more to part.

HYNM 264. L. M.

How fleet the precious moments roll!
How soon the harvest will be o'er,
The watchmen seek their final rest,
And lift a warning voice no more!

Another year has roll'd away,
And took its thousands to the tomb;
Its sorrows and its joys are fled
To hasten on the general doom.

The moments that we labour here
Are rolling swiftly on the wing,
And soon the leaves and tendrils thrive,
A token of returning spring.

The fulness of the gospel shines
With glorious and resplendent rays;
The earth and heav'ns show forth their signs
As tokens of the latter days.

SECOND PART.

Ye chosen twelve, to you are given
The keys of this last ministry—
To every nation under heaven,
From land to land, from sea to sea.

First to the Gentiles sound the news
Throughout Columbia's happy land,
And then, before it reach the Jews,
Prepare on Europe's shores to stand.

Let Europe's towns and cities hear
The gospel tidings angels bring;
The Gentile nations, far and near,
Prepare their hearts His praise to sing.

India and Afric's sultry plains
Must hear the tidings as they roll—
Where darkness, death, and sorrow reign,
And tyranny has held control.

Listen ye islands of the sea,
For every isle shall hear the sound;
Nations and tongues before unknown,
Tho' long since lost, shall soon be found.

And then again shall Asia hear,
Where angels first the news proclaim'd;

Eternity shall record bear,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

The nations catch the pleasing sound,
And Jew and Gentile swell the strain,
Hosanna o'er the earth resound,
Messiah then will come to reign.

HYMN 265. C. M.

Lift up your heads ye scatter'd saints,
Redemption draweth nigh;
Our Saviour hears the orphan's plaints,
The widow's mournful cry.

The blood of those who have been slain
For vengeance cries aloud:
Nor shall its cries ascend in vain,
For vengeance on the proud.

The signs in heaven and earth appear;
And blood, and smoke, and fire;
Men's hearts are failing them for fear;
Redemption's drawing higher.

Earthquakes are bellowing 'neath the ground,
And tempests through the air;—
The trumpet's blast with fearful sound,
Proclaims the alarm of war.

The saints are scattered to and fro,
Through all the earth abroad;
The gospel trump again to blow,
And then behold their God.

Rejoice, ye servants of our God,
Who to the end endure;
Rejoice, for great is your reward,
And your defence is sure.

Although this body should be slain
By cruel, wicked hands;
I'll praise my God in higher strains
And on mount Zion stand.

Glory to God, ye saints rejoice,
And sigh and groan no more,
But listen to the Spirit's voice—
Redemption's at the door.

HYMN 266. L. M.

Torn from our friends and captive led,
'Mid armed legions bound in chains,
That peace for which our fathers bled
Is gone, and dire confusion reigns.

Zion, our peaceful, happy home,
Where oft' we join'd in praise and prayer,

A desolation has become,
And grief and sorrow linger there.

Her virgins sigh, her widows mourn,
Her children for their parents weep,
In chains her priests and prophets groan,
While some in death's cold arms do sleep.

Exultingly her savage foes
Now ravage, steal, and plunder, where
A virgin's tears, a widow's woes,
Became their song of triumph there.

How long, O Lord, wilt thou forsake
The saints who tremble at thy word?
Awake, O arm of God, awake,
And teach the nations thou art God.

Descend with all thy holy throng,
The year of thy redeem'd bring near;
Haste—haste the day of vengeance on—
Bid Zion's children dry their tears.

Deliver, Lord, thy captive saints,
And comfort those who long have mourn'd;
Bid Zion cease her dire complaints,
And all creation cease to groan.

HYMN 267. L. M.

This morning in silence I ponder and mourn
O'er the scenes that have passed, no more to return: [fears
How vast are the labours, the troubles and
Of eight hundred millions, who've toil'd through the year!

How many ten thousands were slain by their foes, [o'er their woes,—
While widows and orphans have mourn'd
While pestilence, famine, and earthquakes appear, [past year!
And signs in the heavens throughout the

How many been murder'd, and plunder'd, and robb'd,
How many oppressed and driven by mobs,
How oft have the heavens bedew'd with their tears [past year.
The earth o'er the scenes they beheld the

But the day-star has dawn'd o'er the land of the bless'd, [rest;
The first beams of morning, the morning of
When cleans'd from pollution the earth shall appear [year.
As the garden of Eden, and peace crown the

Then welcome the new year, I hail with delight, [flight!
The season approaching with time's rapid
While each fleeting moment brings near and more near, [years.
The day long expected, the great thousand

I praise and adore the eternal I AM;
Hosanna, hosanna to God and the Lamb,
Who orders the seasons that glide o'er the sphere,
And crown with such blessings, each happy new year.

HYMN 268. P. M.

'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel, in the presence of Jesus, at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace, [cease:
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot

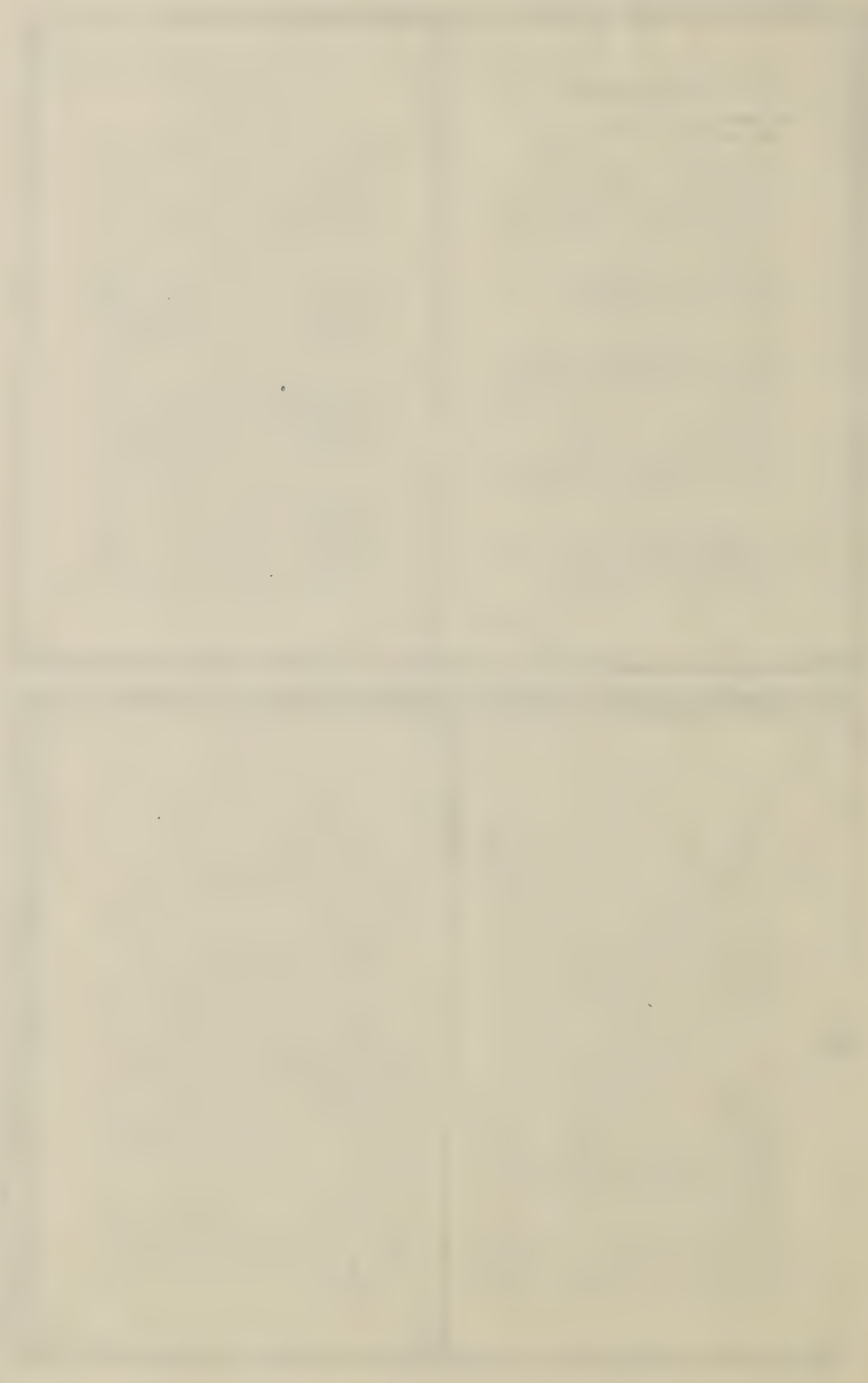
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

I sigh, from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee; [may found,
Though now my temptations like billows
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.

While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face [throne,
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy fair image arise from the tomb,
With glorifi'd millions to praise thee at home.



HYMN 269. P. M.

By the rivers verdant side,
By the solitary tide,
While the peaceful waters slept,
Pensively we sat and wept:
And on the bending willows hung
Our silent harps through grief unstrung.

For they who wasted Zion's bowers,
And laid in dust her ruin'd towers,
In scorn their weary slaves desire,
To strike the chords of Israel's lyre;
And in their impious ears to sing,
The sacred songs of Zion's king.

How shall we tune those lofty strains,
On Babylon's polluted plains?
When low in ruin on the earth,
Lies the place that gave us birth,
And stern destruction's iron hand,
Sways our desolated land.

Oh! never shall our harps awake,
Laid in the dust for Zion's sake,
For ever on the willows hung,
Their music hush'd, their chords unstrung,
Lost Zion! city of our God,
While groaning 'neath the tyrant's rod.

Still mould'ring lie thy levell'd walls,
And ruin stalks along thy halls,
And brooding o'er thy ruin'd towers,
Desolation sternly lowers;
For when we muse upon thy woe,
Fast the gushing sorrows flow.

And while we toil through wretched life,
Drinking the bitter cup of strife,
Until we yield our weary breath,
And sleep, releas'd from woe, in death,
Will Zion in our memory stand,
Our lost, our ruin'd native land.

HYMN 270. L. M.

O Zion, when I think on thee,
I long for pinions like the dove,
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the land I love.

A captive exile, far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh,
With ransom'd kindred there to come,
And see Messiah eye to eye.

While here, I walk on hostile ground,
The few that I can call my friends,

Are like myself, in fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.

But yet we hope to see the day,
When Zion's children shall return;
When all our griefs shall flee away,
And we no more again shall mourn.

The thought that such a day will come,
Makes e'en the exile's portion sweet,
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

HYMN 271. P. M.

Children of Zion, awake from your sadness,
For soon all your foes shall oppress you no more;
Bright on your hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise! for the night of your sorrow's near o'er.
Children of Zion, awake from your sadness,
For soon all your foes shall oppress you no more.

Strong are your foes, but his arm will subdue them,
And scatter their armies to regions afar;
They'll flee like the chaff from the scourge that pursues them;
Vain is their strength and their chariots of war.

Children of Zion, awake from your sadness,
For soon all your foes shall oppress you no more.

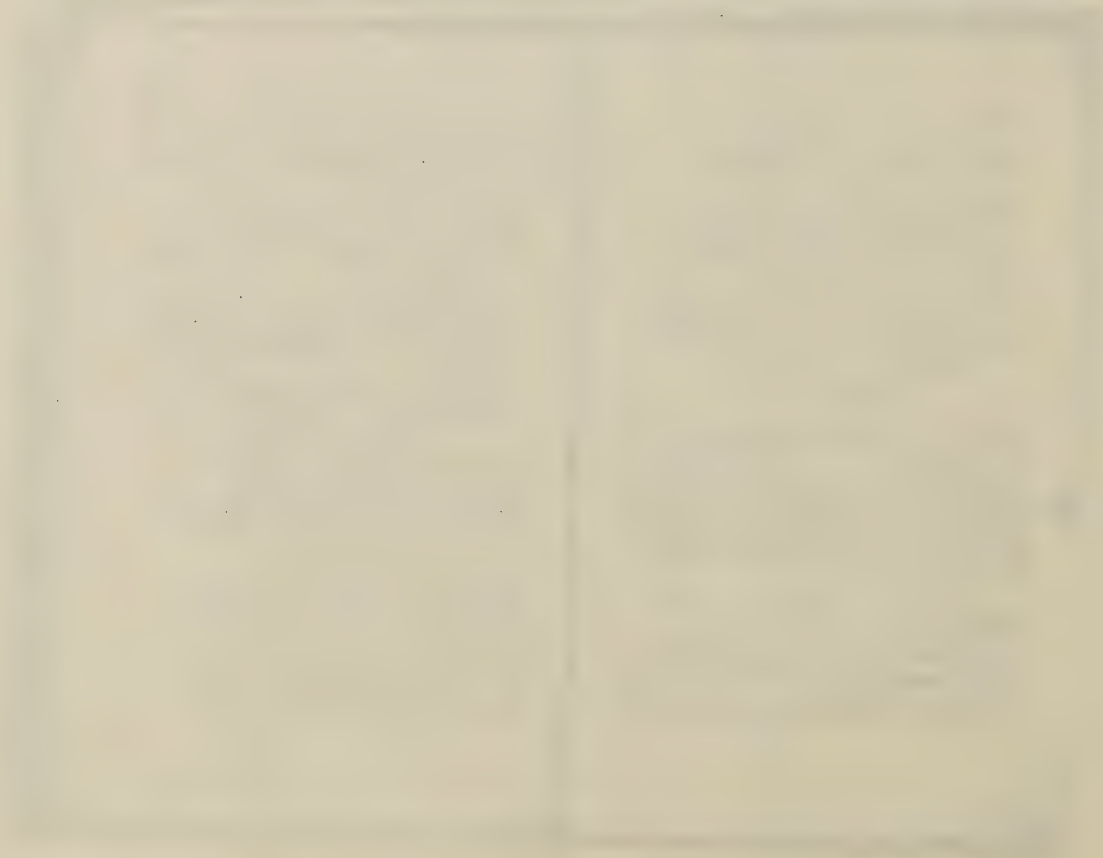
Children of Zion, his power will save you,
O loudly extol it o'er land and o'er sea,
Shout! for the foe'll be destroy'd that enslav'd you,
The oppressor will vanish and Zion be free.
Children of Zion, awake from your sadness,
For soon all your foes shall oppress you no more.
Shout! for the foe'll be destroy'd that enslav'd you,
The oppressor will vanish and Zion be free.

HYMN 272. L. M.

I have no home, where shall I go?
While I am left to weep below,
My heart is pain'd, my friends are gone,
And here I'm left on earth to mourn.

I see my people lying round,
All lifeless here upon the ground:
Young men and maidens in their gore,
Which does increase my sorrows more.

My father look'd upon this scene,
And in his writings has made a plain,
How every Nephite's heart did fear,
When he beheld his foe draw near.



With axe and bow they fell upon
Our men and women, sparing none,
And left them prostrate on the ground:
Lo! here they now are bleeding round.

Ten thousand that were led by me
Lie round this hill called Cumorah;
Their spirits from their bodies fled,
And they are number'd with the dead.

Well might my father, in despair,
Cry, all ye fair ones, once how fair,
How is it that you've fallen? oh!
My soul is fill'd with pain for you.

My life is sought, where shall I flee?
Lord, take me home to dwell with thee,
Where all my sorrow will be o'er,
And I shall sigh and weep no more.

Thus sang the son of Mormon, when
He gazed upon his Nephite men,
And women too, which had been slain,
And left to moulder on the plain!

THE END.

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